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Personality of the month

Photographed by Roy Round

BERYL GOLDWYN

Reason: For being yet another dancer in the great tradition of Rambert soloists.

WHEN Beryl Goldwyn was three years old she bounced up and down in front of the radio to such good effect that her mother sent her to dancing classes. From then on she proceeded from teacher to teacher until, when she was fifteen, she made her debut with the Anglo-Polish Ballet. Six months later, on the collapse of this company, she wrote to Madame Rambert asking for tuition and work.

As the Rambert company was about to depart on its Australian tour and was unable to take recruits, Madame Rambert, immediately sensing the young girl's promise, made arrangements for her to study at the Rambert school, free of charge, for two years.

It was virtually these two years that made Beryl Goldwyn the dancer she is today, and when Ballet Rambert returned to England in 1949 she was ready to join the company as a soloist. She danced first in the programmes of *Ballet at Eight* at the Mercury Theatre. It was here that she had her first taste of the Rambert repertory, and also danced the peasant *pas de deux* from *Giselle*. Her likeness to Markova is, at moments, uncanny.

During the past three years her rise in the company has been steady. The early untidiness and over-exuberance which once marred her dancing have been conquered. The pleasure she so obviously gets from her dancing gives her work a beguiling spontaneity, seen not only in the *Giselle pas de deux*, but also in *Simple Symphony* and *Plaisance*. As Aimee in *Winter Night* she dances with a springy lightness, and in all her work shows the intelligent characterisation and perceptive stagecraft that we have come to associate with a first-rate Rambert soloist. In the recent Rambert season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, she alone in the company seemed completely able to master the particular modern technique of Michael Charnley in his *Movimientos*.

Already she has danced Odette and the Sugar Plum Fairy and her great ambition is to dance Giselle. Her future, like that of any young dancer, is uncertain. Her talents when fully developed should make her a star. With dancers like her, and like Mary Munro, Noreen Sopwith, Cecil Bates and Alexander Bennett, the future of Britain's senior ballet company and its unrivalled ballets is in safe keeping.

HILARION

January 1953 Vol. 4 No. 1

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES DAVID RAHER

WORLD'S LARGEST NET SALE IN THE FIELD

THE ROOTS OF TRADITION ARE DEEP

IT verges almost on the pathetic, the way we gobble-up every ballet crumb thrown to us by the U.S.S.R.—tiny film fragments of *Bayerderka, Taras Bulba* or Ulanova in some classic. How historic became a few rather tasteless concert presentations of Ulanova in Italy. At last we have more than a crumb, a thin slice shall we say, in the film *Gala Festival* now at the Berkeley Cinema. It is possible to see in Sovietcolor the *adage* from *Swan Lake* act two and part of the fourth act, quite a lot of *Romeo and Juliet* and a great deal of the opera, *Prince Igor*. I have not been so enthralled for 80 consecutive minutes in the last goodness knows how long.

From the film point of view it would win no Oscar. It is a straight piece of recording punctuated by the happy faces of the Soviet audience or the occasional shot of members of the orchestra (at one moment this was very irritating). If any one artist stands out more than the others, it is Plesetskaya. It is possible to see in her *Swan Lake* (act two) all that is meant by the Russian tradition—the lyrical authority of the arms, the elevation, the whole submerging of self into any particular role. From what we have seen so far, she appears to be the successor to Ulanova (there are probably hundreds of others).

One of Ulanova's most famous roles is Juliet and what we saw of Lavrovsky and Prokofiev's version of Shakespeare's tragedy was illuminating. The choreography seemed banal, the costumes an unimaginative hotch-potch. Yet the magic of Ulanova shone through this Russo-Italian salad as did the partnering of Gabovich. In a lift, Ulanova looked as though she was continuing on into the air—she seemed to unfold after her partner had lifted her as high as he humanly could. It has been said by intelligent people, that this kind of partnering is " music hall," but I fail to see that it is any more " music hall " than the coveted " fish dive " or 32 *fouettés*.

The feeling of a great tradition is the most lasting of the impressions left by this film. There is a solidarity which comes of anything whose foundations are embedded in time and which stands up against any political upheaval. It is noticeable not only in the stars but in the *corps de ballet*, and in the chorus in *Prince Igor*. Watch carefully each of the Boyars and Polovtsians, there is none of that " I'm just in the chorus so it doesn't matter what I do " attitude. Every person lives and looks his part.

When faced with this, it makes one all too conscious that although we have done a magnificent job in England in the past twenty-two years, many years will have to pass and many obstacles overcome before we have the bedrock of tradition.

Since the above was written, the new production of *Le Lac des Cygnes* by the Sadler's Wells Ballet has appeared at Covent Garden. Here at last is a worthy production of the great Russian classic. It is the fabric with which we can build our own tradition.

FAREWELL, DEAR FOX

ON December 18 Sally Gilmour sailed away. She left this sceptre'd isle to live beneath the Southern Cross—our loss is Australia's gain. She is an artist rare in our history. Never a strong technician she invested her every role with such dramatic quality that a deficiency, if such it could be called, became almost a virtue. There will never be a fox-lady like her, never another negress who married a sailor, nor will anybody else achieve her pathetic rustic tragedy in the first act of *Giselle*. These and many other roles she has made hers for ever. We hope she will be happy where the kangaroo and Koala bear plays amongst the gum-trees ; we shall bore our grand-children with " —but you should have seen Sally Gilmour."

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A Photographer from Denmark

Jorgen Mydtskov chooses his favourite pictures

JORGEN MYDTSKOV was brought up with photography. His father has been a photographer for 35 years, for 25 of them he has taken most of the theatre photographs in Denmark and Sweden. The whole Mydtskov family have been taken into the business which is situated on one of the principal streets in Copenhagen.

In 1950, Jorgen started to take over from his father and he became officially attached to the Royal Theatre. His main interest is ballet and he has studied the work of Lido for whom he has a great admiration. But it is Roger Wood (whose favourite photographs appeared in our June, 1952, issue) who has influenced him most. At the moment Mydtskov's work has been confined to the companies resident and visiting Copenhagen, but his great ambition is to work abroad.

POUL GNATT, MARGRETHE SCHANNE and KIRSTEN RALOV in Nini Theilade's *Concerto* at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen.

Mydtskov writes: *The lack of background gives this picture the feeling that it never ends, which is helped by the perspective of the figures. The contrast of black and white is effective.*

MARGRETHE SCHANNE and POUL GNATT in *Les Sylphides* at Copenhagen.

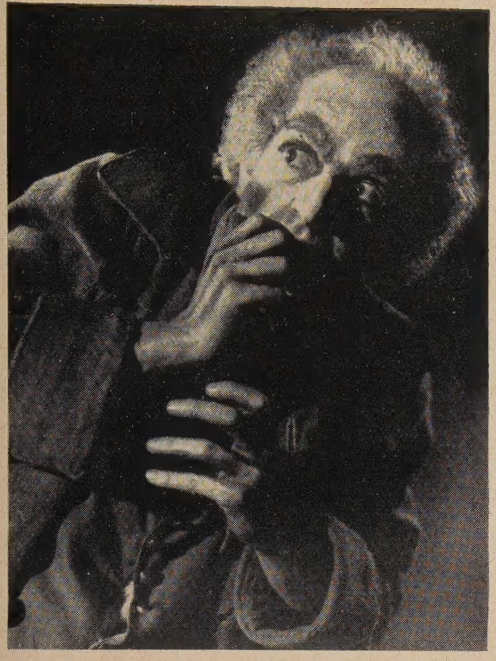
The lighting gives the ethereal atmosphere of Fokine's ballet. The pattern of the arms and legs makes a pleasing composition.

STANLEY WILLIAMS, MARGRETHE SCHANNE and FREDBRORN BJORNSSON in *Variationer (Designs with Strings).*

The entwined arms are harmonious with the line of the heads.

CAROLA GOYA and LUIS OLIVARES of the Jose Greco Spanish Ballet.

The lighting seems to give the dramatic feeling of the Spanish dance. The line of the two bodies has the essential strength.



NIELS BJORN LARSEN as Dr. Coppelius in the Royal Danish Ballet's production of *Coppelia.*

I have tried to capture the real character of Coppelius. The picture shows the facial make-up. The eyes are the central point of the picture.

DOLORES STARR and RICHARD ADAMA of the Marquis de Cuevas company.

I find the composition of the arms interesting, also the way the two faces cut into each other.

FREDBJORN BJORNSSON as the first cadet (Front row on left) and METTE MOLLERUP (on floor) in Lichine's revival of *Graduation Ball* in Copenhagen.

I hope this photograph has captured the feeling of youth and humour of this work.

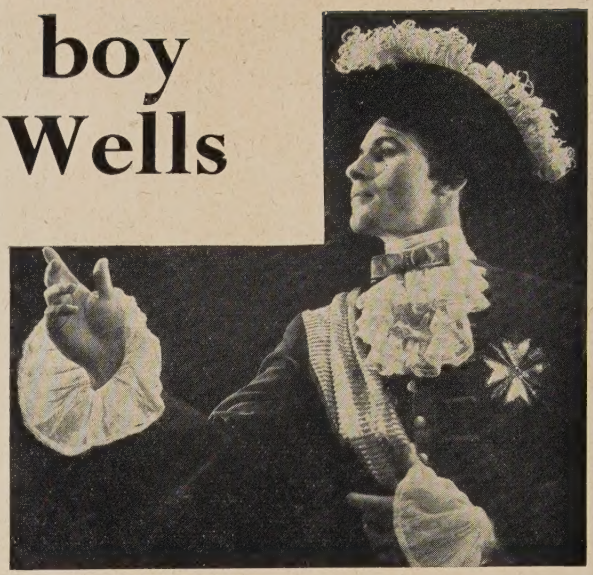
SVEND ERIK JENSEN (down centre), TONI LANDER and ERIK BRUHN in Harald Lander's *Etudes* at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen.

It is not easy to take photographs during a performance in Copenhagen and this is one of the few I have achieved. I think the picture gives a feeling of perspective which is one of the features of the ballet.

VARIATIONER (*Designs with Strings*) in Copenhagen.

The opening and closing moments of this ballet by John Taras give the dancers the appearance of puppets. In this picture I like the pattern of the limbs and the lines of the legs.

First scholarship boy at the Wells



He danced with a girl named Margot Fonteyn—and still does. Their photograph on the front cover, by Lido, shows them in Cinderella.

by PETER WILLIAMS

Michael Somes as Prince Florimund in the Vision scene from the Sadler's Wells production of Sleeping Beauty *at Covent Garden.*
Photo: Edward Mandinian.

ACCORDING to Michael Somes, the only reason that Michael Somes is the principal male dancer of England's number one company—The Sadler's Wells Ballet—is because when he started to dance there were few other male dancers in this country.

"I just would not stand a chance today," he says. "Nobody would even look at me. All the young dancers are so good now."

Any attempts to convince him that this is far from the case are met with "—that's very nice of you but I know I'm right."

It is, of course, perfectly true that competition is formidable today and the standard of male dancing has risen meteorically in the past few years. But the point is that Somes soon became a fine *danseur noble*, a rarity then, and in spite of a number of physical set-backs, he has retained his supremacy.

As Aminta, in the recent production of *Sylvia* at Covent Garden, he seemed to be dancing better than he has since before the war. "You know, when I think back at the number of years I have been dancing, I feel terribly old," he mused.

Measured in years the dancing span of his life has not been considerable but when looked at in relation to the comparatively brief life of British ballet, it seems that he has been with us most of the time.

No other boys

Born at Horsley, Gloucestershire, in 1917, he started to take lessons in dancing at an early age with Katherine Blott in Weston-super-Mare. Soon he was the principal dancer in all the usual school displays. "Mainly because there were no other boys. I was not particularly good but there were no boys at the time."

It was a visit of Tamara Karsavina that really started to awaken him from his west country lethargy. She seemed impressed by his jump. It was then decided that he should go to other teachers so he paid weekly visits to London to go to Phyllis Bedells and Espinosa.

The first photograph of Somes as a dancer taken at the age of six while he was still living in the West country. Photo: Cyril Sledmere.

The first professional ballet company he saw was the Ballet Russe at the Alhambra with Massine, Danilova and all the full array of Russian genius dazzling London in the early 'thirties. He was impressed but found it hard to associate what he had been taught with what was happening on the stage. It all seemed different.

It was not only the Russian companies that held sway in London at this time. There was an English company ("How absurd, imagine having a company of English dancers!" people said) which was starting to make a name for itself in Rosebery Avenue. Somes cadged a lift on a lorry and arrived at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

A rehearsal of *Coppelia* was in progress and it did not seem to be going 'oo well. Ninette de Valois was dancing Swanilda and she was going to audition the boy from Gloucestershire after the rehearsal. Somes sat shivering in the stalls.

Sold bicycle to get home

The difficult rehearsal over, de Valois turned to Somes: "Well, boy, do something." He had nothing prepared; in fact, he did not really know what an audition was so "I did a few things and jumped around a bit and de Valois seemed fairly pleased." This stage of the proceedings having been successfully completed, de Valois turned to him and said, "Have you any money?"

Apart from his fare home (raised by selling his bicycle) he had none. It was all very difficult. At this moment Lilian Baylis stepped forward. Apparently she knew of a gentleman who wanted to give £100 to a promising dancer.

This gentleman, Mr. Leo Glyn, was duly written to and he agreed to give Somes the £100 provided he could produce a doctor's certificate of fitness. Glyn also wanted to know if Somes was a Roman Catholic. Apparently both the certificate and the religious question satisfied Glyn and Somes' board and lodging were paid for. His ballet education was paid by Sadler's Wells. He was the first boy to be awarded a scholarship to the school, or what then amounted to a school.

The relationship between Somes and Glyn is a curious one. They saw each other on very rare occasions and then Glyn could not have seen Somes clearly as he was nearly blind.

Glyn was not really interested in ballet; in fact he liked opera more. He would sometimes come to London and invite Somes to lunch. Once or twice he went to the ballet but he was not particularly interested and it was doubtful of he could see his protegé dance as he was somewhere in the back row of the *corps de ballet*. He was very particular how Somes dressed and he produced a lot more than the original £100 so that he should have good clothes.

One would imagine from this that Glyn was a wealthy man. When he died, it was discovered that he was poor.

The years passed and Somes began to take over more important roles *Les Sylphides*

With Pamela May as the Young Lovers in Ashton's ballet, The Wanderer, *in* 1941, *just before Somes went into the army.*
Photo: Debenham.

(with Pamela May), Danse Arabe in *Casse Noisette*, Bluebird with Mary Honer. In 1937 he had his first role created for him: as the Young Man (ruled by the Sun in Leo and the Moon in Gemini) in Ashton's *Horoscope*, Somes had arrived. He partnered a Young Woman (ruled by the Sun in Virgo and the Moon in Gemini)—Margot Fonteyn.

He is emphatic that any success he has achieved has been mainly due to the people with whom he was lucky enough to collaborate in his formative years. Few people have had the chance to start their career working with an artist of Fonteyn's calibre, nor have they been lucky enough to be given roles from the sensitive hand of Frederick Ashton. Also the musical knowledge that could be acquired from Constant Lambert at this time was immense.

Somes also pays tribute to Dolin, who was the star when he first joined the company. Always generous in helping young artists, Dolin was also a fine example of how to present oneself on the stage, how to present the ballerina and how to walk. That Somes learnt the lesson of how to walk was well demonstrated by his walk on and off in the second movement of *Ballet Imperial*.

In the army

The years from 1937 to the beginning of the war saw Somes taking over principal roles and having more new ones created for him. After creating one of The Children of Light (in *Dante Sonata*, 1940), The Bridegroom (in *The Wise Virgins*, 1940) and one of the lovers (in *The Wanderer*, 1941), Somes joined the armed forces in 1941.

As a P.T. Instructor he was mercifully keeping his body in better trim for ballet than in most of the tasks he might have undertaken. During his years in the army he did give one guest appearance with the Sadler's Wells Ballet—as Bluebird.

A sort of peace having been declared he was demobilised in 1945. He re-joined the company but not before he sustained a nasty injury caused by a fall from an army lorry. He was far from well when the Sadler's Wells company opened with the full-length *Sleeping Beauty* at Covent Garden on February 20, 1946. But his determination to be with his company on what turned out to be the most important turning point of its career, carried him through the Florestan *pas de trois* in the last act. At the second performance he appeared to be far from well. It was then only six weeks away from the *premiere* of the first new post-war English ballet, *Symphonic Variations*, in which he was to dance the principal role opposite Fonteyn. He made it. The ballet has been one of the most deservedly popular works in the repertoire ever since.

Nobility and poetry

Apart from Dolin, he, of all English dancers, most truly realises the meaning of the word Noble in the expression—*Danseur noble*. His every role is invested with nobility and the high-breeding of Princes Florimund, Siegfried, Charming, or the Duke of Silesia becomes a real thing when he interprets them. He brings the right melancholy to the Prince in the Vision scene from *Sleeping Beauty*. His good looks are such that one can imagine the Princess Aurora being quite happy to wake up to him after her 100-year-sleep. That curious disdainful Prince in *Swan Lake* becomes more than a cardboard character in Somes' hands. Recently his Albrecht in *Giselle* showed his growing realisation of the many subtleties of this role.

Sometimes the ballets in which he appears call for poetry in persons of lesser breeding—mainly shepherds. Nobody else has quite brought this quality to Daphnis in *Daphnis and Chloe*, or Aminta in *Sylvia*, as has Somes.

He makes a perfect foil for Fonteyn. A dancer more showy than he would not be nearly as suitable for displaying her great artistry. But to say that Somes lacked artistry would be entirely wrong. He lacks excessive brilliance (in the generally accepted sense) and great showmanship. But he has the quiet subtlety which is now typical of the English dancer. He is a fine partner and knows how to present his ballerina.

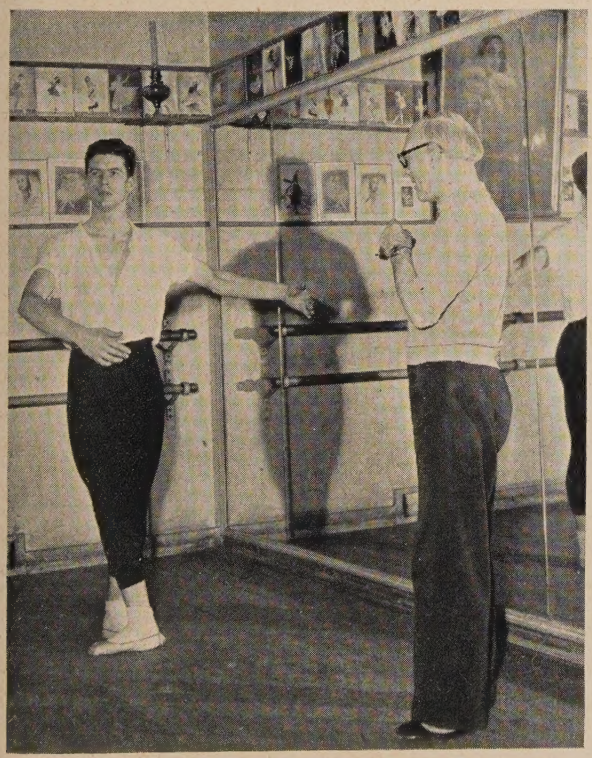
In character roles he is not at his best but he is fully aware of it. He is the sternest critic of himself and he realises that the drug-taking poet in the recent revival of *Apparitions* was not really for him. He firmly believes in the importance of having great artists in the company; the presence of Helpmann, with the Sadler's Wells Ballet was of the greatest benefit to everyone. Whether one liked his performance or not, Somes declares that Helpmann's approach to any role was a lesson to all who were lucky enough to work with him. He feels the same about the guest appearances of Alexandra Danilova and Leonide Massine.

He is one of the quietest and most unassuming of dancers; his success has left him unmoved. He knows that he still has a lot to learn, which coming from our leading male dancer might be taken to heart by others who think they know everything at the age of 21. He also knows that constant hard work and self-discipline is his duty to himself even before his public.

He has an undying loyalty to his company and above all to Dame Ninette without whom he knows that British ballet would have got nowhere. Even when she is in a bad mood—and this can happen in all of us—his faith in her, and admiration of her, is untouched.

Somes could be a great power in the future of our ballet; whether his retiring nature will allow him to admit this, even to himself, is another matter. He would like to teach; he has already shown, in *Summer Interlude*, that he can be a choreographer of no mean importance.

His most recent photograph. As the Poet in the revival of Ashton's Apparitions *at Covent Garden. Photo: Roy Round.*



With Alexandre Volinine in the Paris studio of the great teacher.

Last summer, Somes went to Paris to spend some weeks studying with Volinine. The benefit of these lessons was particularly noticeable when he returned—to create the leading male role in Sylvia. *Somes found the teaching different to anything he had experienced. The* barre *work was very hard and when it was over the dancer's body was like putty so that it could be moulded to do anything that was required.*

Volinine was the principal male dancer of the Moscow Imperial Ballet. For many years he partnered Anna Pavlova, whose portrait can be seen reflected in the looking-glass.

Photo: Erlanger.

Owing to pressure of work entailed by the recent Festival Ballet tour of Italy, Anton Dolin was unable to finish his article on time. He will contribute an article in the February number. He sends New Year's greetings to all our readers.

Russians fight to see her

The photograph on our back cover, by Giacomelli, is of the Soviet number-one ballerina who can also be seen at the Berkeley cinema in *Gala Festival*. Here is more about her life and work in the U.S.S.R.

by FRED FELDMAN

Galina Ulanova is a name which spells magic to 203,000,000 Russians, 90 million satellites and a good many millions outside the eastern orbit. Prima ballerina Ulanova is their embodiment of the art of the dance. But in Russia she is more than that. She is the living example of a cultural perfectionist.

STALIN once called Ulanova "my little darling." Since then Madame Ulanova has aged slightly having arrived at that interminable female milestone: 41 years. The Western world can only put up one competitor whose lyrical performance sometimes matches that of the Russian: 33-year-old Margot Fonteyn. Both ballerinas dance with delicate beauty, but the Russian also manages to put across a certain majesty. And yet there are some faint critics in Moscow who would like to toast other ballerinas; but they know that in the eyes of the Kremlin she is matchless and therefore untouchable.

Notwithstanding her fame, Russia's prima ballerina knows that she must pay a price for her primacy. Even a Ulanova can fall from grace just as a Shostakovich or a Prokoviev can. The men of the Kremlin are jealous guardians of their own popularity. A ballerina of her calibre must stay in the background and, indeed, she does keep a secluded household. When she does make a public appearance off the stage, her dress is modest, her speech reserved. Usually she wears a simple blouse with four medals, all Stalin prizes. She likes to be addressed as Madame but disdains idolatry and the fan cult. She never gives an autograph, for even if she has an *aura popularis*, limelight-hunting is tabooed in the U.S.S.R.

Tough at the top

To keep at the top she has to work hard and her weight has never exceeded 100lb. This is understandable for she practises several hours daily. The State has provided her with a house in Moscow's artists colony. There are three well-furnished rooms, a tiled bath, a kitchenette and a refuse chute. One has to important to be endowed with this sort of comfort in overcrowded Moscow. However, she does not have a maid or a servant. This might create the wrong impression and she excuses herself that she likes pottering about.

Nonetheless, she has a number of expensive hobbies. Her collection of oriental antiquities is famous and she still coalesces expensive Chinese porcelain and Japanese lac geegaws. She has a weakness for French perfume and buys bottles of different odours every month, mixing them into concoctions according to her own fancy. "If other people mix cocktails, should I not mix perfumes?" she asks naively. But there is an undertone of apology in her voice.

Galina Ulanova enjoys the privilege of her celebrity. "I appear three or four times a month," she declares almost defiantly, "and that's my working target." Moreover, there are reasons other than theatrical for her rare appearances. She is tubercular and must conserve her strength. There is always the danger of a relapse.

Brawls for seats

When she does decide to dance and the date is billed, hundreds of patient Muscovites queue outside the Bolshoi Theatre in the small hours of the morning. The seating capacity of 3,500 is full whenever she appears. A seat in the front stalls costs about 35 roubles and half that in the pit. The average wage of the Muscovite is 650 roubles a month. Tickets can be bought on the black market for 100 roubles upwards. Obviously an average wage earner cannot afford to go often. Brawls frequently occur outside the theatre when someone returns a ticket.

Patrons like to see her in Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, and it seems odd that this ballet which controverts Marxist ideology has not been remodelled. Far from glorifying the deeds of the Soviets, it accentuates the beauty of the past and Czarism. Prokoviev's *Romeo and Juliet* is also classical in this respect and the performance lasts four and a half hours, including two long intervals. There is a political ballet, the *Red Poppy*, which has been rewritten twice to conform with propagandistic exigencies. Nevertheless audiences prefer the classics. They are not pleased when alterations are made to *Swan Lake* and other ballets. During the war librettists went to work on various pieces to put them on a patriotic track.

Carte-blanche for ballet

Costumes and scenery are extravagant, to say the least, and often in bad taste. Galina must always wear a new frock. When Borodin's *Prince Igor* dances are performed, the 150 dancers are clad in national costumes worth thousands of pounds. The State does not economise where ballet is concerned. Nothing is too good for the ballerinas—if they toe the line. The Bolshoi Theatre has its own ballet school and sartorial establishment, altogether employing a staff of 3,000. Priority in building permits is always given to ballet and there is a continual buzz of activity. Someone is painting there, another repairing here. The auditorium is a phantasmagoria of gold, purple and crystal.

Russian ballet does not lack talent. Galina Ulanova would have plenty of rivals if she did not enjoy protection from above. Both the ballerinas Semjonova and Lepeschinskaya are popular and highly gifted. Ulanova's favourite pupil, Struchkova, is being bred in the orthodox classical manner. Other ballerinas such as the youthful Plessetzkaja do not have a hard time in getting acclaim. Plessetzkaja's jumps are famous.

Technically, Lepeschinskaya's performance is superior to that of Galina Ulanova. And there are critics who say that the prima ballerina is frigid. She lacks expressive passion. Many have compared the unparagoned Anna Pavlova, who died in 1931, with Ulanova. Naturally opinions vary. The Soviet ballet critic Andrejev believes that Anna Pavlova outstripped the present prima ballerina in poise, such as her suspension in mid-air. He believes Galina is a better actress, but she does not levitate so well. Her expressive hands speak volumes and one architect once enthused: "Her hands open like the petals of a flower under the sun . . ."

Swan in a gilded cage

Ulanova is a bird in a golden cage, the bars of which spell VOKS, the omnipotent cultural organisation of the Soviet Union. If VOKS vetoes a travel permit no Russian artist, whatever his standing, can pass the frontier. And even a "people's artist" of Ulanova's repute must bow to the decision of VOKS. When she gave her first starring performance this side of the Curtain, in Florence, the audience did not rave. She danced with few props and without an orchestra. Italians do not like such shows and many stayed away. Others came out of curiosity. The Italian government was cautious in giving her a visa. The communist mayor of Florence wanted her badly to prop up his tottering popularity. So the authorities kept her from the stage until after his loss of office.

VOKS was not pleased and has since consistently blocked her desire to perform in London. She does not want to leave Russia. The regime has given her everything she desires, except freedom, and that is a word she fails to comprehend anyway.

NEW RECORDS

Two Beauties

The Sleeping Beauty—Extracts (Tchaikowsky). Symphony Orch. (Stokowski). HMV. ALP1002. 1 12-in. LP. 39*s*. 6*d*.

THIS record is bound to have wide sales if only because the music is by Tchaikowsky. However, those who do not like their ballet music chopped about in selections are warned that this is a very tasteless affair that shows little respect for the composer.

The first shock comes right at the beginning. The Overture is cut short at the point where the Lilac Fairy should enter and Stokowski leads straight into the opening march What follows will be something of a nightmare for those who know the ballet well. Admittedly the twenty-five numbers we are given are the pickings of the score, but irritating cuts are made, even in some of the better-known dances—endings are mutilated and climaxes frequently come in the wrong places. The world's most famous ballet music has been pulled about to make a conductor's show-piece.

There is some wonderful virtuoso playing from the American orchestra, and the music has been magnificently recorded.

Tchaikowsky's lavish orchestration is, according to the publicity HMV have issued in connection with this record, "admirably suited to the Stokowski magic." It is nothing of the sort, and I would advise those who want an LP recording of *The Sleeping Beauty* to wait for the complete version which is on the way.

Bolero: *Mother Goose Suite* (Ravel). Boston Symphony Orch. (Koussevitzky). HMV. ALP1003. 1 12-in. LP. 39*s*. 6*d*.

IT is a strange musical paradox that the most famous Bolero in the world is not, strictly speaking, a bolero at all. A true bolero is a faster, gayer dance, with a slightly different rhythm. The title came from the ballet which Ida Rubinstein commissioned from Ravel for her company's 1928 season at the Paris Opéra.

Bolero has been referred to as "the fish without the sauce," and Ravel himself called it "effects without music." But it is more than a brilliant exercise in orchestration, and those who sneer at it have most probably never heard it performed as the composer intended—without cuts, and by a sufficiently large virtuoso orchestra. Here, although the performance is of course complete, Koussevitsky's tempo is faster and his rhythm more flexible than Ravel insisted upon. The playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra does not always maintain the high standard we expect from a famous orchestra, and some of the detail of the writing is obscured by a coarse recording. However, it achieves its effect.

The same composer's *Mother Goose Suite* supplies the exquisite accompaniment for Cranko's *Beauty and the Beast* (Cranko omitted the third movement). Tod Bollender used all the music for his *Mother Goose Suite* for New York City Ballet; and although his version stuck fairly closely to Ravel's "programme," Cranko's little miniature comes closer to capturing the tender spirit of the music.

Ravel originally wrote the pieces as piano duets for children, but was later persuaded to orchestrate them by the choreographer Jane Hugard.

Here the delicacy of the writing inspires more sensitive playing, but again a woolly recording obscures the finer points of the music to some extent.

David Hunt

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD CLASSIC

LES INDES GALANTES

Revived at the Théatre National de l'Opéra, Paris, on June 20, 1952. Opera-ballet in four *entrées* and a prologue by J. Ph. Rameau. Musical adaptation by Paul Dukas and Henri Busser. Production by Maurice Lehmann.

CAST

Prologue : The Palace of Hebe. Choreography by Albert Aveline. Principal dancer : CHRISTIANE VAUSSARD.

First Entrée : The Magnanimous Turk. Choreography by Albert Aveline. Principal dancer : PAULETTE DYNALIX.

Second Entrée : The Incas. Choreography by Serge Lifar. Principal dancers : NINA VYROUBOVA, SERGE LIFAR, MAX BOZZONI.

Third Entrée : The Flowers. Choreography by Harald Lander. Principal dancers : MICHELINE BARDIN, LIANE DAYDE, MICHEL RENAULT.

Fourth Entrée: The Savages. Choreography by Serge Lifar. Principal dancers: LYCETTE DARSONVAL, ALEXANDRE KALIOUJNY.

Epilogue (La Chaconne). Choreography by Serge Lifar.

JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU'S opera-ballet, *Les Indes Galantes*, was first performed at the Paris Opéra on August 23, 1735. It was revived several times until it was dropped from the repertory in 1773. Now, on the initiative of the new administrator-general of the National Lyric Theatres, Maurice Lehmann, it has been recreated with all the splendour that the Opéra can muster, and the result is a revelation of the resources of this great theatre.

In the prologue, Bellona, the goddess of war, bids lovers from the nations of Europe to devote themselves to the conquest of glory, and the cupids fly away to perform their duties in happier lands. Each of the *entrées* which follow and form the main body of the work, has as its theme the triumph of love in some colourful far-off corner of the world—Turkey, Peru, Persia, primitive Africa—providing opportunities for spectacle on the most lavish scale and the employment of great concourses of singers and dancers. The prologue and *entrées* have each been designed by a different artist, and the stage effects include a shipwreck and a volcano in eruption.

The talents of three *maitres de ballet* have been drawn upon for the arrangement of the dances. Choreographically, the most effective *entrée* is *The Flowers*, which includes Lander's divertissement. For this scene, representing a Persian garden, the stage is opened up to its full depth and the set so constructed as to give an approximately rectangular area for the dances, the chorus being accommodated along the sides, thus suggesting the early Court ballets. The culmination of this scene is the appearance of Bardin, in a ravishing costume of irridescent pink, as the Rose, at which moment the air fills with perfume.

Lifar has devised the dances for the *entrées*, *The Incas* and *The Savages*, as well as arranging the final *Chaconne*. His dances are forceful and inventive, those in *The Incas* displaying the magnificent command and sense of style of Vyroubova, those in *The Savages* evidencing the choreographer's strong power of observation and keen wit.

The 18th century has always attracted Aveline, and his understanding of the style of the period is well brought out in his contribution, in the prologue and *The Magnanimous Turk*. Though less inventive than those of his colleagues, his dances were distinguished by a dignity of composition which is emphasised by the grace and elegance of the two principal dancers, Vaussard and Dynalix.

As a spectacle, *Les Indes Galantes* is one of the theatrical wonders of the age, but it is more than just this; it marks the opening of the Lehmann administration, and one may perhaps justifiably look forward to further productions which will restore the Paris Opéra to the position of eminence to which, by reason of its tradition, it is entitled.

Ivor Guest

The Prologue in the Palace of Hebe. Christiane Vaussard is centre. The setting for this act was designed by Jaques Dupont.

The Second Entrée—The Incas. The principal dancer is Nina Vyroubova. The setting was designed by Carzou and was most elaborate. The volcano which erupts is centre.

The Third Entrée—The Flowers. Denise Bourgeois, Liane Daydé and Paulette Dynalix are centre. This remarkable piece of false perspective was designed by Fost and Moulène. During this scene exotic scent was wafted through the theatre.

Photographed by Erlanger

ETUDES AT THE PARIS OPERA

Next month we shall give photographs of *Etudes*, the new ballet which the Danish choreographer, Harald Lander, has mounted for the Paris Opéra. This is a new and more elaborate version of his ballet to Czerny music (orchestrated by Knudage Riisager) which he first created for the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. Bent Schonberg, our Danish correspondent, went specially to Paris for the premiere and his article will compare the two productions. *Etudes* had achieved a sensational success with the Paris audience.

We are pleased to welcome Marie-Françoise Christout (editor of the magazine *Opera, Ballet and Music Hall*) as our regular correspondent from Paris. Her articles will appear each month in our Dance and Dancers Abroad pages.

Annette Chappell, who made a welcome return to ballet as the Woman in Swann's life. Photo: Paul Wilson.

NEW BALLETS

OUVERTURE

First given by Ballet Workshop at the Mercury Theatre on November 9, 1952.

A fantasy ballet based on *Du Côté de Chez Swann* wherein a man remembers his mother and a woman he loved.

Choreography by Jack Carter. Music by Ernest Bloch. Decor and costumes by Norman MacDowell.

Cast

The Man .. .. ESTEBAN CERDA
His Mother .. .. ANNA LENDRUM
The Woman .. .. ANNETTE CHAPPELL
Her Friends .. MAVIS TRAILL, JOSEPHINE GORDON, RAY POINTER, RONALD YERRELL
A Casual Encounter CHRISTINE HINDMARCH
Himself as a Child CHRISTOPHER BEENY
With MARGARET POLLEN

> *I feel that there is much to be said for the Celtic belief that the souls of those whom we have lost are held captive in some inferior being, in an animal, in a plant, in some inanimate object, and so effectively lost to us until the day (which to many never comes) when we happen to pass by the tree or to obtain possession of the object which forms their prison. Then they start and tremble, they call us by our name, and as soon as we have recognised their voice the spell is broken. We have delivered them: they have overcome death and return to share our life.* (Marcel Proust).

BALLET is frequently based on literature. It is generally considered that for the ballet to be a success it must be completely intelligible to an audience with no knowledge of the book that inspired it. But some ballets, like Robbins' *Age of Anxiety* and this present work, have enough theatrical force to exempt them partially from this requirement.

Who, we may ask, are these characters? What is their story? Proust is a rather dim memory with me and possibly others. The Man I take to be Charles Swann, the Woman his courtesan wife Odette; but I have also considered the possibility of the ballet's concerning a later section of *A la Recherché du Temps Perdu* dealing with Marcel and Albertine. Possibly Carter has deliberately mixed both stories.

However, it is the Proust quotation appended to the work that can give the spectator a key to the ballet. This contains an exposition of the basic idea in Proust's mammoth work. Incidents and characters in time past are eternally held by objects in time present, imprisoned like a fly in amber.

This conception finds its fullest expression in the last section of Proust's work, *Le Temps Retrouvé*, when the author, by stumbling on a paving stone re-awakens to the secret pattern of his existence. The problem of breathing theatrical life into this philosophical idea is immense. It is achieved by a brilliant stroke.

As the ballet opens the central character picks up an oil-lamp. At the back of the stage a woman carrying a similar lamp walks up a flight of stairs and goes through a small door at the top. The man, with awakening comprehension, follows the incident with his mind's eye. The way in which the fantasy events are evoked by the lamp and its association with his childhood memories of his mother, is thus clearly shown.

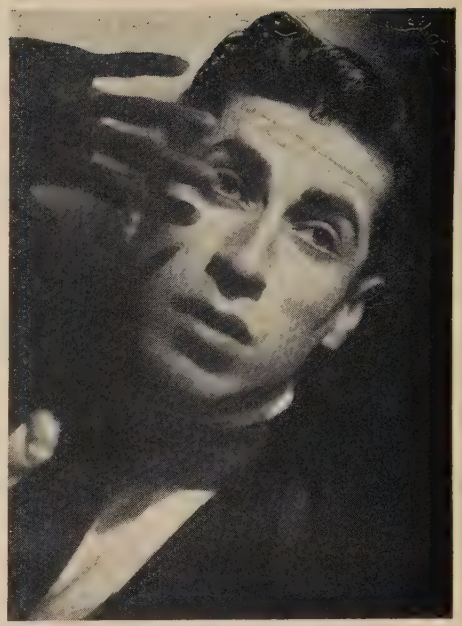
The dreamlike episodes that follow are difficult to follow in detail. We see an episode between three girls (which made me think of Albertine), a casual encounter and many unexplained embraces.

What does emerge from the mist is the relationship between the mother, the man and the woman. As incidents from his past mingle, freed from the encumbrance of chronological sequence, it is as though we discover with the protagonist the truth about his love for his mother and how it has been transferred to another woman.

As a production it is superb. The decor, made up of Venetian blinds, is marvellously realised by Norman MacDowell. The complicated lighting plot is a triumph, and the Bloch music fits well the Proust theme. The ballet's effect on me was profound; but it affected my brain perhaps more than my heart.

This was due partly to the challenging obscurity of the theme (from which it gained its fantasy); also possibly to the choreography failing to provide that abundance of dance originality with which Tudor might have made an interesting work a masterpiece.

To take one instance: the Lover in *Lilac Garden* has steps, gestures and lifts individual



Esteban Cerda as the Man (Swann). ". . . and so it was, that, for a long time afterwards, when I lay awake at night and revived old memories of Combray, I saw no more of it than this sort of luminous panel, sharply defined against a vague and shadowy background. . ." (Swann's Way. *Proust.*) *Photo: Roy Round.*

The Man (extreme right with lamp) sees himself as a child greeting his mother's visitors at an evening party. His Mother (Anna Lindrum), left with lamp. The Woman (Annette Chappell) is centre. The photograph gives some idea of Norman MacDowell's ingenious setting which uses Venetian blinds. Photo: Paul Wilson.

The Man sees the woman he loves, who is hard and fickle.

In his bitter-sweet memories, the Man sees an affectionate encounter between the Woman and a friend. Photographed by Paul Wilson.

to his portrait; but Carter has depended too much on the actual personality of the Man in *Ouverture*. Fortunately, Esteban Cerda was equal to the task.

A little like Hugh Laing in type, Cerda held the ballet together with his brooding, sensitive stage presence. In this reliance on personality—Annette Chappell gave a performance hardly less remarkable—Carter recalls the manner (though not the melodramatic content) of Helpmann rather than of Tudor.

Carter's previous work has been notable for its ideas and invention. If he had second thoughts on *Ouverture* and extended his choreographic imagery, this could become a psychological ballet of the greatest importance.

After the first night, the ballet was retained for a further month at Ballet Workshop and has now been bought by Marie Rambert as a permanent addition to the repertoire of Ballet Rambert. It will obviously be seen to better advantage on a larger stage.

Clive Barnes

BALLADE

First given by the New-Ballet Company at the Wimbledon Theatre on November 11, 1952.

Choreography by Frank Staff. Music by Gabriel Fauré (arr. by Philip Levi). Decor and costumes by Hugh Stevenson.

Cast

CONSTANCE GARFIELD
KENNETH SMITH, ANGELA BAYLEY,
JACK SKINNER, ELIZABETH CHRISTIE,
MARGARET KOVAC, SHELAGH MILLER

PROVINCIAL audiences usually expect, and provincial theatre managers often demand, that the evening's first ballet should be an affair of white skirts and soft music, say, *Les Sylphides* or *Swan Lake*.

But say the company is too small to mount these war-horses; say they doubt their ability to reproduce the works with accuracy; say—heaven forgive them!—that they are tired to death of sickly *Sylphides* and moth-eaten *Swan Lakes*. What then? A new romantic ballet such as *Ballade* provides an answer.

Ballade has a certain similarity of theme to *Les Sylphides*. In the latter, shapes transmogrified into girls emerge from the shadows; they are wooed by a young man (in *Ballade* by two young men) forever seeking his platonic ideal of beauty. It is a simple conception.

Although Staff's work has a family likeness with Fokine's modern classic, its form is more amorphous. Fokine in *Les Sylphides* clung closely to the Maryinsky style of presentation on which he was nurtured, and structurally based his work on a Petipa *divertissement*. The isolated numbers, the *soli, pas de deux* and *ballabiles* found in *Les Sylphides* are replaced in *Ballade* by a loose episodic structure.

The ballet may be thought to be too long, an impression possibly derived from its shapelessness and indefinite ending. Furthermore, while the choreography is well varied, the unvarying texture of Fauré makes it rather lacking in contrast.

But these are minor blemishes on a remarkably successful work. Staff has produced long passages of dancing which so precisely match the music that one is left gasping at the beauty of the unity he has created. In an earlier work for Ballet Rambert, *Un Songe*, Staff revealed an instinctive feeling for romanticism that shone through the ballet's muddled narrative. Now with *Ballade* he has caught what previously eluded him, the essence of ballet romanticism.

The work is as full of technical difficulties as a Christmas pudding is of raisins. These are made light of by a strong and sensitive company. In particular, Constance Garfield, as the leading Sylph, dances delightfully. Hugh Stevenson is the natural designer for this kind of ballet and his decor and costumes contribute much to the work's atmosphere.

Clive Barnes

From left to right. Jack Skinner, Angela Bayley, Margaret Kovak, Elizabeth Christie, Shelagh Miller, Constance Garfield and Kenneth Smith in Frank Staff's Ballade. *Photo: Duncan Melvin.*

THE STORY OF A MAN

First given by the New-Ballet Company at the Wimbledon Theatre, November 11, 1952.

Choreography by Sigurd Leeder. Music by Patrick Harvey. Costumes by John Minton.

1 *The Man, The Villagers, The Invaders*
2 *The Dispossessed, The Hermit*
3 *The Wantons, The Thieves, The Travellers*
4 *The Shadows, The Man*

Cast

A Man ... ... JACK SKINNER
The Hermit ... ... NIGEL BURKE
The Boss ... ... KENNETH SMITH
Wantons and Travellers ANGELA BAYLEY, CONSTANCE GARFIELD, MARGARET KOVAC, SHELAGH MILLER, NIGEL BURKE, KENNETH SMITH

The Man (Jack Skinner), in the third section of the ballet, tries to escape the Wantons and Thieves (Angela Bayley, Kenneth Smith, Constance Garfield and Margaret Kovac).

Photo: Duncan Melvin.

THE influence of Kurt Jooss on the non-academic dance in this country has been widespread. Much of this influence is naturally centred on Sigurd Leeder, one of the key-figures of the Jooss movement and still teaching in England.

As a choreographer, Leeder is best known for his *Sailors' Fancy* (Ballets Jooss, 1943). His latest ballet is far removed from the robust comedy of the previous work. Instead he has chosen to produce a Dance Allegory in the manner of Jooss's *The Green Table* or *Pandora*.

While symbolism can afford to be merely suggestive, allegory, with which symbolism is too often confused, must be precise. The flaw in *The Story of a Man* is the lack of clarity in its message, a lack which was never apparent in *The Green Table*.

The ballet's structure would appear to be cyclic and perhaps Leeder is hinting that however much a man is debased by expediency, as long as he retains his essential spirit he will remain untarnished. Perhaps I am being fanciful.

The work strikes one as strangely dated. Leeder is still ploughing the Jooss furrow and his docketed types in characterless costumes (by John Minton who here appears to be emulating Hein Heckroth), conscientiously follow their vague allegorical pattern. This is more the pity as Leeder's choreography, as opposed to his theme, is often impressive and original.

The problem, so it would appear, is how to utilise the Jooss technique for themes more in keeping with current trends than the Dance Allegory. It will be interesting to see when his company re-appears in England how Jooss himself has sought his salvation.

The ballet was well danced. Jack Skinner (an ex-Jooss dancer) gave a compelling performance as the Man. Patrick Harvey's score has a vague flavour of Hindemith and adds continuity and atmosphere to this ambitious work.

Clive Barnes

A TOUCH OF THE SUN

First given by the New-Ballet Company at the Wimbledon Theatre, November 11, 1952.

Choreography by Antoinette Wijnberg. Music by Arthur Benjamin. Decor and costumes by John Minton.

Scene: Somewhere in the West Indies.

Cast

The Labourer ... ... NIGEL BURKE
The Trinket Seller ... ANGELA BAYLEY
Two Girls ... MARGARET KOVAC, SHELAGH MILLER

The three girls interrupt the siesta of a young Jamaican (Nigel Burke), are (from left to right) Shelagh Miller, Margaret Kovac and Angela Bayley. The designs for this and the above ballet are the first ballet designs by the painter, John Minton. His costumes were fresh and well designed; as also was the tree which, apart from a sky cloth, forms the setting.

Photo: Duncan Melvin.

THIS is the slightest and shortest work in the company's repertory. Set to Arthur Benjamin's *Jamaican Street Songs* it is more a lengthened revue number than a ballet. A labourer, fatigued by the sun, tries to rest under a sugar cane, but is disturbed by three girls.

Antoinette Wijnberg has conceived her choreography in more or less the Jooss idiom and the work is given with vivacity by Nigel Burke, Angela Bayley, Margaret Kovac and Shelagh Miller. But Katherine Dunham can naturally produce this kind of thing better.

John Minton, who recently gave a show of his Jamaican paintings, has produced for the girls some charming white costumes which almost cry aloud for a dusky face. Arthur Benjamin's music makes one wonder again why this talented composer has never been commissioned to produce a score for British ballet.

About The New-Ballet Company

TO say The New-Ballet Company fills a long-felt want would, perhaps, be too optimistic an appraisal of public reaction; to say it fills a long-felt need is undeniable. To the general structure of British ballet (the Rambert, Festival and two Wells companies—each different in scope and range) has now been added a small company composed entirely of soloists of high standard.

A company of this size and quality has been lacking in our ballet since the disbanding of Alan Carter's St. James's Ballet, and we highly commend the newcomer's aims and methods.

The company, which made its debut at the Wimbledon Theatre on November 11, has been rehearsing for many months. Its dancers, though none of them yet stars, are all experienced. Its repertory is entirely new, consisting of ballets by established choreographers. The artistic directors, Antoinette Wijnberg and Patrick Harvey, can congratulate themselves on their enterprise. They would do well, however, to omit the *divertissements* (Spanish and classical) which are now given in each programme.

Clive Barnes

STREET GAMES

First given by the New-Ballet Company at the Wimbledon Theatre on November 11. Choreography by Walter Gore. Music by Jacques Ibert. Decor and Costumes by Ronald Wilson.

Scene: A Street

Cast

ANGELA BAYLEY, CONSTANCE GARFIELD, ELIZABETH CHRISTIE, MARGARET KOVAC, SHELAGH MILLER, JACK SKINNER, KENNETH SMITH, NIGEL BURKE.

Dances in their order : *Hop Scotch, Rugger, Skipping, Screen-struck, Writing on the Wall, Lost Ball, Touch, Statues, Duel, Dressing Up, The Bouquet, Finale.*

The back-street where the children play their games. Ronald Wilson has purposely used drab colours for his setting and costumes. For a designer who usually gets his effect by interesting shapes and colour combinations, he seems to have let drabness get the better of him. It was only in his delightful coster costume, for the Dressing-up dance, that the usual Ronald Wilson could be seen.

IN every art there is point where development reaches saturation point. In searching for further ideas the creator merely becomes obscure and loses touch with his surroundings. There is only one solution and that is to go back to the beginning. The painter turns to Child art or primitive wall paintings, the composer turns to basic folk tunes. But what happens to the choreographer?

It would seem that all the changes have been rung on ballet, both in inventive movement and thematic idea. Today we get Balanchine going back to school and basing most of his work on the strict discipline of unadulterated classicism, using music only as his inspiration. Any sort of dramatic idea (which we were brought up to believe to be an integral part of the art—ballet) is relegated to the back bench if allowed into the theatre at all.

The art of ballet would suffer grievously if one felt this phase of Balanchine to be a permanent one. As it is one believes that the present state of neo-classicism to be merely the first step on the road back.

Walter Gore is a choreographer with ideas. These sometimes overshadow his invention of movement which is nevertheless considerable. A personal drama was hung on to the Rachmaninoff piano concerto in his *Winter Night*, a drama of excessive passion dominated *Antonia*, while the horrors of persecution (something very real to him) caused one to forget that *La Damnée* was actually a ballet.

I would say that some still small voice, at this point, said to him, "Now that you have got all that out of your system, go back to the beginning."

In *Hoops*, Gore took that simplest of objects—a child's hoop—and evolved some kaleidoscopic variations. In *Peepshow* (featured last month) he turned a few basic classical steps into a brilliant cabaret number. In *Street Games*, he has used all those simple pastimes which while away the leisure hours of youth.

There is a sophistication about the Ibert music, taken mainly from his *Petite Suite* and *Histoires*, which raises the work above the usual suite of children's games.

TO *Little White Donkey* the ballet opens on a game of hop scotch in which the dancers chalk the squares on the stage. Then they skip (to *Le Chevalier de Sans Souci*) and make many interesting patterns with their skipping ropes. A screen-struck couple come out of the cinema and dance a tango emulating the love-making of stars on the screen.

Margaret Kovac chalks the words "Mary loves Bill" on a wall (to *Berceuse aux Etoiles*), which makes a charming and original dance.

Angela Bayley finds a rubber ball left behind by the boys. To *Giddy Girl* and *Quadrille* she bounces it; then as the boys appear she sits on it. Four girls play Statues (to *En Barque le Soir.*) One girl crosses the stage in a series of *petits tours*. She ends in a pose; the other three girls follow and form a group around her. Another girl is turned around by her friends and she too takes up a pose after a series of turns.

Two girls wheel on a pram (to *Scherzetto* from *Six Harp Pieces*) out of which they bring a strange assortment of finery. They start to dress up a third girl as a coster woman; eventually wheeling her off in the pram.

These more gentle pastimes for the girls are interspersed by rougher games for the boys such as Rugby and a Duel with swords and dustpan-lid shields (to *Danse du Cocher*).

Gore has created a work that is free of all pretentiousness, coyness, clichés, psychological inner-meaning, or any of those other deadly sins which have been clouding the vision of many recent creators of ballet.

Peter Williams

The final moment of the ballet with the film-struck lovers united
Photographed by Duncan Melvin.

The girls (Angela Bayley, Constance Garfield, Margaret Kovac and Shelagh Miller) make a pattern with their skipping-ropes around Jack Skinner.

curtain up!

At the party given to launch Odette Joyeux' Child of the Ballet *by Arnold Haskell (translator) and Alan Wingate (publisher) on November 13. Miss Helen Haskell is seen talking to Madame Rambert and Pamela May. Ram Gopal and Peter Williams are in the background.*

Photo: Keystone.

The greatest Odette

THE news that Margot Fonteyn had been taken ill with diphtheria came as a shock. If any further proof were needed of the wide affection which this ballerina has won for herself, it was provided by the newspaper headlines referring to her simply by her first name.

We were deprived of seeing her in the Odette-Odile role at the Royal Gala performance of the new production of *Swan Lake*. In this role, Cyril Beaumont (in his *Ballet called Swan Lake*) has described her thus:

"Russia apart, the finest rendering of Odette to be seen in Europe or America today is that of Margot Fonteyn, which is not only beautifully danced, but in which each step and every movement are so invested with meaning and mood that they contribute to the evocation of a haunting and most lyrical portrait of the unfortunate Odette, doomed to alternate between the states of swan and maiden.

"This superb quality of interpretation has not been attained overnight; it is the outcome of years of constant thought, study and application all directed to the evolution of what was at first no more than a sketch into a complete and finished portrait. One feels that Fonteyn has not only lived the role but penetrated the soul of it."

Welcome applause

THE new 'cut-price' matinees at Covent Garden are attracting enthusiastic audiences. When the current season opened with *Les Sylphides* it was a pleasant change to hear honest applause at the end of every solo. The hushing and shushing which usually greets anyone bold enough to clap disturbs the atmosphere far more than genuine appreciation.

Dislike before seeing

FIRST with the news is the proud boast of any paper—but only if the news is right. Recently the *Daily Telegraph* published an unenthusiastic review of Walter Gore's *Romantic Assembly* for the New-Ballet Company during their Wimbledon season.

A critic has a perfect right to dislike Gore's ballet but this was a case of dislike before first sight. The first performance of *Romantic Assembly* had to be postponed (notices to this effect were displayed in the theatre). When the *Telegraph* review appeared the ballet had not been given on any stage.

New English ballerinas

WE thought we knew all the English ballerinas but we now find that we don't. A correspondent from Rome writes in the *Evening News* of November 25: "Two English ballerinas are considered naturals for stardom—Vassilie Trunoff and Nathalie Leslie. Rome critics roundly declare that Nathalie Leslie is as capable and beautiful and sensitive as any that ever graced the boards."

Yes, we quite agree. But it seems a little unfair on Madame Trunoff; perhaps she has capabilities other than beauty and sensitivity.

Ubiquitous Stage Director

IN addition to producing these English ladies, Festival Ballet appears to have other talent.

On arrival in Naples, the Stage Director, Benn Toff, was asked by the driver of the company's bus whether he was with the ballet.

Having received an affirmative reply, the driver then asked "and are you the principal tenor?" "Yes," said Benn Toff.

We now understand why foreigners get a rather curious impression of British culture.

As well as being considered to be a famous singer, Benn Toff appears to be a dancer of note. One Italian paper talked about the fine dancing of that talented Russian dancer, Vassilie Toff, whose performance in *Prince Igor* was so outstanding.

No pas de deux for you

DANCE with the Stars, says the advertisement; and it is true that the stars of Festival Ballet, together with other ballet personalities, will be present at the New Year's Eve Ball in Royal Festival Hall.

But the dancing will be of the kind about which the *Dancing Times* knows far more than *Dance and Dancers*. Disappointment awaits the young man who wrote asking for tickets and added, "could he please dance *Black Swan* with Nathalie Leslie."

The great Pavlova mystery

PEOPLE who take part in Brains Trusts are sometimes stumped for an answer. Recently a team of four (all connected with *Dance and Dancers*) consisting of Peter Revitt, Roy Round, Clive Barnes and John Percival, visited the Willesden Ballet Club. One of the questions found them at a loss for an answer. We repeat it in the hope that somebody will enlighten us.

What has become of the proposed Pavlova Memorial in Regent's Park?

On January 23, 1936, a gala performance was held at the Regal Cinema (now the Odeon) Marble Arch to raise money for the project. The programme described the plan for erecting a monument to Anna Pavlova in the Rose Garden in Regent's Park. A fanciful sketch of a fountain surrounded by dancing figures was reproduced. Can anyone tell us what has become of all this and also the money which must have been raised?

The plot thickens

MYSTERY surrounds another statue of Pavlova. When Sir Alfred Butt rebuilt the Standard Music Hall in 1901 and turned it into the Victoria Palace, a more than life-size stone statue of the great Russian ballerina was placed over the dome at the entrance. Early this year, Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson (collectors of theatre relics whose favourite photographs appeared in our July, 1952, issue) went to inspect the statue and found that it was no longer there.

Ballerina of the sawdust ring

CIRCUS history is dotted with the names of ballerinas who have appeared from time to time. Not long ago Vera Zorina appeared with elephants in a Ringling Brothers circus to Balanchine choreography. On December 18, Nadia Nerina appeared at the Royal performance of Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia in a ballet called *Clowns and the Dancer*. Alan Carter did the choreography.

***It's bound to happen*— when Giselle goes to pick the daisies in *Giselle* Act I**

Drawn by Peter Revitt

Balls on her toes

WE knew it would come sooner or later. Rumours have reached us of an American dancer who sustains an amazing series of *pirouettes* by wearing shoes fitted with ball-bearings in the toes.

The public is always so enthusiastic about anyone who spins at a great speed, that the competition to turn faster and longer should prove interesting. When Rowena Jackson dances the Odette-Odile role in *Swan Lake* at Covent Garden next month she might perhaps astonish everyone by performing 32 *fouettés* while standing on her head.

Two one-headed beasts

DURING the season of John Cranko ballets at Henley-on-Thames in the summer, two beasts made an appearance in *Beauty and the Beast* at one performance. The second beast, Miss Clytie Cranko, wandered on to the stage, sniffed around a little then waddled down the steps into the auditorium, straight up the aisle and landed on a lady's lap. Here she remained for the rest of the performance. The slightly surprised audience was delighted.

Now Clytie Cranko (John Cranko's pet dachshund) is the proud mother of four children.

Relative values

WITH 1953 upon us there are many rumours of new companies starting up. Good ballet companies are always welcome so perhaps it would not be impertinent to draw the attention of these brave people to a fact which has been most noticeable in the past few weeks.

Recently we have attended the first performances of two new ballet companies. At one, many of the people sitting around us seemed, from their conversation, to be related to dancers in the company. At the other, the audience was packed with choreographers and dancers from other companies. Perhaps it would not be too far-fetched to deduce from this that one of the companies was satisfying a more definite need than the other.

If you are starting a company do please consider carefully whether you are fulfilling a purpose and not just satisfying your ego.

Three's Company, especially when the company consists of Irving Davis, Beryl Kaye and Paddy Stone. This is the name of their new cabaret act which has already had a great success on the continent. Now England will have a chance to see these three talented artists when they open at the Savoy in January. In the spring they leave for America and will appear at one of the glossiest New York night spots, followed by a tour of the States. Each has separately adorned so many musicals that this combined effort should put them right at the top of British cabaret acts. They are just finishing work on the Gene Kelly picture, Invitation to the Dance. *Photo: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Anna, the prophet

IN the Strand Magazine (1913), Anna Pavlova, in an article entitled *The Fine Art of Dancing*, wrote this:

". . . if only more real encouragement were given in England to ballet dancers the day would not be far distant when the English dancer would prove a formidable rival to the Russians."

". . . I have, too, built day-dreams of a Scottish ballet, because I see infinite possibilities in the action and vitality of the Highland flings and reels." (Thirty-eight years later Massine created *Donald of the Burthens*; thirty-nine years later, Balanchine created *Scotch Symphony*; and there have been other works like Frank Staff's *The Tartans* or Agnes de Mille's dances for *Brigadoon.*)

". . . English women have fine faces, graceful figures, and a real sense of poetry of dancing. They only lack training to provide the best dancers of the world."

The history of the past twenty years is proof of what a sound prophet Pavlova was.

A new Caryl for Christmas

CARYL BRAHMS, who from time to time has caused a welcome explosion or two in the pages of *Dance and Dancers*, has forsaken ballet for the time being. Her new novel, *Away went Polly* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.) is an enchanting story based on the characters in Tissot's painting, *The Picnic.*

WE SAID THIS ABOUT . . .

. . . . . Rowena Jackson

Recent performances in Croydon confirmed our opinion that Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial* shows Miss Jackson at her best. In October, 1950, before there was any question of her tackling the role, we wrote: "*Her dancing was excellent—lovely clean turns and general finish. She would make a good Balanchine dancer.*"

. . . . . Vassilie Trunoff

Trunoff is today one of the best known character dancers in England. However, it was DANCE AND DANCERS that gave him his first press notice. He was picked after his first few performances with Festival Ballet as one of our Dancers of 1950: "*Trunoff's virtuosity was amazing. He spun, twisted, turned and leaped; he gave an exhibition of Russian character dancing that has not been equalled in London during the past ten years.*" (February, 1951).

. . . . . Michael Hobson

Michael Hobson, new Musical Director of Ballet Workshop, is generally recognised as a young composer of exceptional promise. In May, 1951, after the production of his first ballet (*Sappho*) for the Workshop, we wrote: "*Michael Hobson has composed something really worthwhile and there is not the slightest doubt that we shall be hearing a lot more of him.*"

SPEAK UP!

Tickets for Gala occasions

SIR.—What is the procedure for ticket allocation on special occasions at Covent Garden? Is it a case of first come first served? If so, I should have received some preference as I posted my application for the Gala on December 18, on November 17. Or are these merely allocated to the chosen few?

I am a regular patron of the gallery at the Opera House and it does seem unfortunate that this great occasion is to be one when regulars are to be turned away. Surely it would have been fairer had the usual queue ticket system been in operation.

I trust that I am not alone in my protestations and that on future occasions (i.e., June 8, 1953) more sympathy will be shown towards the genuine ballet and opera lover.—A. R. LOVEWELL, 80, *Church Road, Hayes, Middlesex.*

Satisfied customer still satisfied

FIEND.—I am not sending you any Christmas greetings. You are hateful, aren't you? I see in your usual cowardly way you are still attacking the New York City Ballet. Even five months after your first hateful outburst. You hate that company simply because it puts all the English companies in the shade. But you loathe and despise all overseas companies, don't you? You helped to kill the Original Ballet Russe. You tried to wreck the New York City Ballet season. I may say straight out that you are ballet's greatest enemy.

There is another company you want to put out of action—The Ballet Legat. How one would love to be in the company of Borstal boys after being in yours.—H. WILLIAMSON, 174 *Trinity Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.17.*

happy birthday to...

		Jan.
Carlu Carter	Winnipeg Ballet	6
Nicole Morice	formerly Champs Elysées Ballet	11
Kurt Jooss	Director, Ballets Jooss	12
Paula Gareya	Festival Ballet	13
Tania Karina	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	13
Roland Petit	formerly Ballets de Paris	13
Mary Munro	Ballet Rambert	15
Bill McGrath	Winnipeg Ballet	18
Belinda Wright	Festival Ballet	18
Herbert Bliss	New York City Ballet	21
Monica Leigh	Festival Ballet	21
Monique Bernachova	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	23
Rosalie Vernon	Festival Ballet	23
Maria Tallchief	New York City Ballet	24
Michele Grimault	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	25
Stanley Holden	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet	27
Irene Skorik	formerly Champs Elysées Ballet	27
Franklin White	Sadler's Wells Ballet	27
Susan Haxton	Continental Ballet	28
Jeanne Lusby	International Ballet	29
Roger Fisher	Winnipeg Ballet	30
Teddy Rodolphe	dancing at the Palladium	30
George Skibine	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	30
		Feb.
Jean Babilée	formerly Champs Elysées Ballet	3
Derek Westlake	formerly Ballet Rambert	4
Audrey Brookes	Ballet Rambert	5
Kathleen Grey	formerly Empire Ballet	8
Anna Cheselka	Ballet Theatre	9
Margaret Pollen	formerly Ballet Rambert	9
John Gilpin	Festival Ballet	10

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London, S.W.1. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

The Tantrums of Touring

Agnes de Mille is known all over the world as a choreographer (Rodeo, Fall River Legend, Oklahoma and Brigadoon), as a dancer and as an autobiographer. In the last two months we have published the chapters on Marie Rambert from this autobiography, Dance to the Piper (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.). The present chapter takes us to America where de Mille is working with Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo preparing her ballet, Rodeo.

THE first rehearsal was held in what had been Carmalita's studio, now in the hands of Maria Bekefi. I asked for the men first. If I could break them, I would have the whole company in my hand. As I walked down the flowering drive I heard the music of *Gaité* and a good deal of stamping and shouting. Shoura (Alexandra) Danilova and Freddie Franklin were standing on chairs yelling the counts and clapping. The men, the great thick-muscled men, and the stringy-muscled girls were stamping and swooping and clenching their fists in a miasma of sweat.

It was not a very large room and Shoura and Freddie were up to their waists in Parisian abandon. I glanced in and I went pale; clutching my little dancing-bag, I crept up the stairs. Madame Bekefi had taught me in '36. "Madame," said I as I knocked at her apartment, "may I come in? I'm frightened."

"Yez, darling, yez. I have made frezsh coffee."

"Coffee for courage?"

"Coffee for courage! Yez, darling. You have not need to be frightened. You will do good."

I was summoned below. *Gaité* was finished but the girls hung about, streaming sweat, their shoes and towels under their arms, very curious. Danilova was collecting her slippers.

"You would like this room empty? No?"

"Please." I nodded faintly.

She clapped her jewelled hands and stilled the hubbub. "Madame would like this room empty. Emediately! Get out," she said with dainty succinctness. "Get out. You! All go." Then she turned to me and grasped my hand. "Now I go too because that is more convenient for you. I have great excitement for this. We hope much. *Bonne chance*!" And with a twinkling smile, she walked neatly out on her long silken, fabulous legs and her turned-out feet, leaving a breath of delicious and expensive perfume behind her.

The mighty male

I turned deliberately and faced them. There they were—nineteen of them. Male. Great muscled brutes leaning against the barre and staring with watchful, smouldering eyes. Behind them were Paris, Covent Garden, Monte Carlo and, in three cases, the Maryinski. And behind me? A wall. It occurred to me at this precise moment that with the exception of five soloists I had never worked with men in my life. Never more than one man at a time.

I took a deep breath. "We are going to begin," I said in a scarcely audible treble, "with men riding horses in a rodeo. For instance, if you were riding a bucking horse and were thrown, it would look like this." And I rode a bucking horse and was thrown the length of the room on my head.

"Darling!" said Freddie rushing over to me. "Darling, you'll hurt yourself!"

"Did it look good, Freddie?"

"It looked wonderful! But you'll kill yourself."

"Not me. It's you who are to do it."

The young men around the room looked nonplussed.

"Well," said Freddie, "no help for it. Come on boys, let's have a try. Ee—"

The riding movements were neither realistic nor imitative. I had worked for a year in London to make them intrinsically beautiful. When performed correctly they suggested the high vigorous emotions of riding. But they were very difficult because the dancer had always to look as though he were propelled by an unseen animal. He hung off balance in the air. He did not jump, he was thrown or wrenched upwards. His feet never touched earth, it was the horses' feet that clattered in the pebbles. The very essence of the movement was shock, spasm and effort.

Alas, although big boys, they had been trained to move like wind-blown petals. "Raise your arms," I begged them. "You have men's arms, they have striking power, they can control a heavy, moving rope, or the brute furies of an eight-hundred-pound animal."

The Cowboy walk

Up came the delicate wrists and the curled fingers of the eighteenth-century dandy. "Move from the solar plexus and back," I shouted, "not from the armpits. Think of athletes," I entreated. "Think of throwing a ball, from your feet, from your back, from your guts." But it was a long time since they had thrown balls. They had forgotten. They had not used the ground since they were children except to push away from it. Their arms rose up and down but they themselves looked absolutely stationary.

"Don't *plier*. Sit your horse," I implored. "There's a difference." But the strain was too much and they relaxed back into bad second position where they felt eminently at home.

A few Russians lolled on the barre and considered the matter poorly. "It is not dancing," they said. But I never said it was, and I was delighted to excuse them. They picked up their towels and left in haughty silence. The ranks thinned quickly. I had planned to have eighteen men in the cast. I settled for ten. Those that stayed were ready and able.

For two hours I rolled on the floor with them, lurched, contorted, jack-knifed, hung suspended and ground my teeth. They groaned and strained. I beat them out in impact, resilience and endurance. I broke them to my handling. I broke them technically, which was where they lived and worshipped.

At the end I suggested we walk. We what? We walk like cowboys. They looked at me in dumbfoundment, their clothes matted to their bodies, their hair all on end and dirty from the floor. They walked. "Not that way," I shouted.

Saddle-sore, sweat-stained

By this time I was feeling pretty frisky. "Crotch-sprung, saddle-sore, with rolled-over high heels and sweat-stained leather, ill at ease and alien to the ground, unhorsed centaurs."

"Look," I said. "The sun in Colorado beats on your eyes like blows. You can't hold up your heads that way in the sun."

"Why, that's right," said a couple nodding in recognition. They began to squint, their gait slowed, they grew hot and dusty, and weathered before me. One could almost, as my sister said later, smell them.

Out of this comes folk dancing, and out of nothing less.

I dismissed rehearsal. The survivors, mostly English and American, thanked me.

Next day they couldn't even walk. They sat in the sun and rubbed one another's muscles with oil. And they all had cracking headaches.

I had won.

Two days later I took on the girls. We walked, giggled, whispered, and looked to the far horizon for two hours. They thought this unreasonable. "Oh, madame, we will be funny when we have costumes. Please do not concern yourself. We will assuredly be funny."

"You be funny right now on count eight." And I set my lips in a merciless line and waited.

We worked for four hours on a boy kissing a girl at a dance. This was the kind of effort they had put into high jumps or turns. They thought I was perverse. They thought I was insupportable. Well, not all of them, perhaps. Lubov Roudenko was breaking her back for me. She had perpetual headaches from the lurching and bucking, Freddie believed. A few of the American boys and girls, although perplexed, began to hope.

Even in rehearsal some of it looked good, even to them. And there was always Freddie barking the counts and snapping at their feet. And dancing, dancing, until the sweat poured from his back and head. "Oh, darling," he would say gasping, "this is impossible. Well, there's no help for it. Come on boys, let's try. Ee—"

My first male technician

He was the first great male technician I had ever had the chance to work with and I tried everything I thought the human body could accomplish. He was as strong as a mustang, as sudden, as direct, and as inexhaustible. There was no slacking off at the end of a long effort, no dawdling, no marking. He came into the room briskly, dressed and ready at the first minute of the rehearsal, and he worked full out without a second's deviation of attention until rehearsal finished, and the last lift was as precise and as vigorous as the first. With the exception of Massine, he has the most exact sense of timing of any man in the dance world. (He can pick up a difficult tap routine at a single rehearsal—as quickly in fact as he hears it. Only very great tap dancers can do this.) His verve galvanizes an audience as it does a rehearsal. He is the inner motor of the Ballet Russe, the reason they get through the sheer amount of labour involved in each tour.

I shall not forget my surprise when I first placed my hands on his shoulders for a jump and felt the muscles move across his back and arms as I just went up and stayed up. I shall not forget my wonder at the animal force that lifted and carried me. I had danced alone, or with girls or with actors, but with no one of this calibre technically. I came down like a hysterical baby that had been tossed around by a grown-up. I couldn't wait to go up again. Naturally, I didn't let him see my delight. I was Madame, the choreographer. He still called me Miss de Mille. We were very formal always.

A minor international crisis

Luba Roudenko came to me. She was very happy with the role but her friends had told her she had a great technique and might she please, Miss de Mille, might she please do some *fouettes* in the hoe-down? I said no.

Between rehearsals I sought consolation from Carmalita. "You can't produce work of integrity this way," I moaned. "Not with a company of strangers in two months."

by AGNES DE MILLE

"Of course not," she said. "But you can try," she added gaily. "Something might surprise you. Not integrity, of course." She looked at me hard. "They are paying you, aren't they?"

"Sort of," I mumbled.

In San Francisco we got into the second scene. In Seattle, the third. All along the way I dropped Russians from the cast.

"Dear Agnes," said Sergei Ivanovitch one night in the wings. "I hear you threw Sasha out of rehearsal today. That is unfortunate. To tell truth, I am pained. He is a fine young man, a bit impetuous, wild like all young men, but we must be indulgent. Appeal to his class, dear Agnes, appeal to his class." I gasped in astonishment.

"He is a Count, Agnes, a Count."

At this point I threw back my head rudely and simply hollered. Sasha had been surly, insolent, lazy, slow, untalented, demoralising, tardy and extremely hung-over.

"Agnes," continued Denham persuasively, "I am the last person not to be democratic. I understand very well your ideas. But he is good material."

I said no.

"And now," continued Denham not unreasonably, "may I not see some little part of the ballet?"

I said no.

"Agnes, dear Agnes, you treat me as though I were an outsider, an amateur in this business."

I said no.

Taken in to the troupe

Nor would I allow the dancers to watch one another. Whenever more than four got in the same room pandemonium developed. Obviously, no choreographer before had explained clearly. After each suggestion there was a United Nations' Assembly at the back of the room. I stamped, screamed and howled for silence. I promised to ask their help when I got stuck. There was a good deal of surprise at this; no choreographer had ever acknowledged the need for help. Again, I criticised my own work sharply. Dumbfoundment! All choreographers had hitherto been infallible.

Occasionally I was the one surprised. "Bob! Bob!" I yelled, urging them to dip and curtsy on the beat. The hubbub grew to a roar. "For the love of God, be quiet!" I howled. "And bob!"

"But madame," said a Russian as spokesman, "we cannot understand who you mean. Which Baub, please?" Four Roberts stepped forward with inquiring faces.

The music gave us trouble; it was difficult.

"No, no, no!" shouted Rachel Chapman, jumping up from the keyboard and beating her fists on the top of the piano. "You are absolutely and entirely wrong. That is not the rhythm the composer vished. I protect the composer. Now listen."

Freddie cocked his head. "She's right, kids. It's syncopated."

Rachel was infallible and exacting. She looked and acted like a Polish lioness. She played terrifically without cease in all rehearsals and in the pit. She and Freddie were the watchdogs of the repertoire. She helped me very much.

Luba Roudenko came to me. She was very happy with the leading role, but her friends had told her she was not showing off her strong technique. Perhaps if she did some *batteries* and brilliant *chainé* turns in the hoe-down? I said no.

Rumours drifted up from Mexico. Ballet Theatre was going to have a dazzling repertoire. Fokine himself was down there working hard. My own boys and girls knew they were facing desperate competition and possible bankruptcy. I was to save them. They didn't express this to me in so many words, but it was made quite plain. I was carrying the ball. Somehow I'd become a member of the troupe and when there were no Pullmans to be had and the boys tore the seats apart to make beds for the girls, I bedded down among them three in a row.

Throughout this tour, Danilova, like a princess godmother, threw her arm about me, introducing me to the best restaurants and the most charming hostesses. She had made this trip seven times annually and inasmuch as she and Massine were the biggest box-office names in ballet, she was in a position to introduce me where and as I had never been introduced before. "Our choreographer," she would say, pushing me ahead of her in Margaret's dress into a salon.

Coast to coast

We travelled from city to city while the ballet performed its summer tour. Sometimes we stayed a week and sometimes one night. We spent a great deal of time together on the trains.

What does the Russian Ballet look like on tour? Different from what you've been led to believe. Most of the girls and boys are simply, even poorly, dressed. They have no money. In fact, they have borrowed months ahead on next season's contract in order to get through their two months' vacation. They live like indentured servants. The stars are smart. They look like stars. But they travel without maids. Danilova has a faithful follower who maids for her; Slavenska has her mother.

The stars travel in Pullman berths with the company. Denham travels in a stateroom, and Massine when he is with them sleeps and eats apart. He is the reverse of chummy even with his lifelong companions. But of course, at this time, he is absent in Mexico building up the Ballet Theatre repertoire.

The girls usually sit mending their tights or sewing the ribbons into their shoes or darning the ends of their blocked point slippers to preserve the satin from floor friction. The care and preparation of tights and slippers as well as the cost of the tights devolve upon each dancer personally.* The girls have to wash their tights at each wearing to make the silk cling, so the washroom is full of pink legs swinging in the train vibration. The girls talk shop, intrigue and knitting-patterns. Never anything else. Never, although war, flood, strikes, elections and plague pass over them. Never. They talk technique and what so-and-so's mama said to Mr. Denham last night. The older men play poker in three or four languages. The younger men look out of the window and hold hands. Some few read. Not many. They eat five or six meals a day. They are always hungry. They take cat naps, like animals, wherever they drop.

Ballerina's progress

Mia Slavenska sits coiffed and perfumed with a Bruckner score opened on her smart tweed knees. The topaz on her hand is enormous and gives her a sense of reassurance as she leans her exquisitely manicured forefinger against her lovely brow and contemplates choreography.

Miss Twysden, Danilova's companion, biographer and helper, knits Danilova's practice tights and discourses on the inferiority of all other companies. The inferiority of all other ballerinas she considers axiomatic. But she is a lady bred and cannot say what she thinks with Slavenska contemplating in the next seat, and with Slavenska's mama staring at her with a hard gaze.

Libidins progresses down the car greeting his wards. Slavenska leaves off her intellectual pursuits, smooths the coils of her sun-red hair, straightens the seams on her stalwart smooth legs and corners him. She has been waiting to explain that if she doesn't dance more Giselles she will be distraught and she details what that condition implies in Yugoslavia. David Savielovitch manages to turn the talk into reminiscences of Chaliapin. Mia is distraught. Both voices rise. But no one can compete with his reminiscences. Libidins was once an old-style basso in a provincial Russian opera company.

Hard work, no glamour

A great deal has been written about the ballet's glamour. This is an elastic word. In a recent play, *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'*, and in the film *Red Shoes*, the impression is made that they are a hard-working, healthy group of boys and girls rather like a travelling university. Nothing could be further from the truth. Hard-working they are to the point of slavery, and gay frequently. But healthy? Not very. Raddled with sexual insecurity, financial instability, ambition, jealousy and terror, they are herded from one engagement to another locked within the frenzied confines of their group for ten months at a stretch. They never stop anywhere en route long enough to make outside contacts. Intrigue assumes Renaissance proportions. Romance is a kind of round-robin tournament, and psychosis the hallmark of every experience.

Occasionally there is a nervous breakdown and a girl is unloaded at some station and left behind in a Midwestern hospital. Occasionally someone has a temper tantrum and beats up his girl friend or his wife, forcing her to seek succour in adjacent bedrooms. Next morning they are all doing *plies* in a row in perfect decorum.

There are a few gay harlots in the old tradition, very few, for the girls simply haven't the energy. And there are a few happy marriages. These stand like rocks in the currents of emotional chaos.

But it is the bewilderment of exhaustion and transience that clouds most spirits and energies. Janet Reed said to me once, later, when I was travelling with Ballet Theatre, "Last night I came out of the theatre and I couldn't remember what city I was in or which way to walk toward my hotel. It turned out to be Cleveland."

So they jog on together locked in the stewing, untidy cars. On arrival everyone frantically stuffs belongings into bags and boxes. Down come Slavenska's furs from the case on the rack. Slavenska's cat is put in a basket by Slavenska's mama. Danilova unpins last night's orchids from the back of her seat. The poker players settle their debts rather loudly.

* The company pays for the slippers five dollars per pair; a pair lasts for about a week. In the last century a ballerina had a new pair for each act of her ballet. These were unblocked silk with a sole like paper. Taglioni threw hers out after a single use, as the stage of the Opéra was kept purposely dirty to prevent slipping. The stiffening of the toes introduced the need for a breaking-in process, very tedious to the dancer. Pavlova frequently asked her best girls to break in her shoes, although hers were Italian and relatively soft. She carried literally hundreds of pairs and selected and chose with a kind of nervous obsession. The breaking-in of the hard-blocked American slipper is a real labour and terrible on the knuckles of the feet. The fastening of a slipper requires the same care a surgeon gives his gloves. Markova glues her slippers on her feet around the heel, slips the ankle ribbons through a loop at the back and sews them with needle and thread. She has to be cut out of her shoes.

A further long instalment next month: Agnes de Mille describes the making and first performance of *Rodeo*.

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New Books

THE DANCER NOT THE PERSON

Ulanova and the development of Soviet Ballet, by V. Bogdanov-Beresovsky, translated by Stephen Garry and Joan Lawson (Macgibbon and Kee, 18s.).

THIS is not a biography of Ulanova. It gives a few salient facts about the Soviet ballerina's career and it describes briefly her training and debut, but the book's importance comes from the way it approaches its main theme, the dancing of Galina Ulanova. Her roles are described and analysed in a manner so superior to almost anything attempted by Western critics that one is left agape with amazement. Gone are the cheery clichés, flights of poetic fancy and philosophic clap-trap that so often serve turn as our accounts of dancers.

In their place is a scholarly and authoritative appraisal which finds its strength largely from the author's realisation of the interdependence between music and the dance and his resulting determination to link, in his description, each dance-figure with its correspondence in the musical score. Consequently his chapters on Ulanova as Aurora, Giselle and Odette-Odile not only describe that dancer's interpretation with apparently loving accuracy, but also contrive to be enlightening monographs on the roles themselves.

In writing about her appearances in modern ballets he also gives a clear picture of ballet in Soviet Russia. If the author's accounts are to be trusted Ulanova is a supremely great artist. His book makes one long to see her, preferably with a Soviet company. But the glimpses one gets of this magnificent ballerina are no more tantalising than the hints, here and there in the book, of interesting Soviet theories of choreography and ballet production, naturally taken as common knowledge by the author, but unknown to Western readers.

In a generous Foreword to the book Cyril Beaumont prophesies that the work may exert a stimulating influence upon English ballet criticism. Let us hope so and we may look forward to the day when Monsieur Bogdanov-Beresovsky's method of "musico-choreographic" criticism will be applied to Markova and Fonteyn.

The translators are to be congratulated both for their perception in making this significant work available to English readers, and also on the fluency of their translation which reads like an original.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT SOVIET TEACHER

Basic Principles of Classical Ballet, by Agrippina Vaganova, translated by Anatole Chujoy (Adam & Charles Black. 10*s.* 6*d.*).

VAGANOVA'S famous text-book was first published in England five years ago. Edited by Peggy Van Praagh, it now runs to a very welcome second edition. The author, Soviet ballet's most famous teacher, describes with business-like clarity a complete method of teaching.

As a layman it would be impertinent of me to say so, but I presume the book to be indispensable to every dancer and teacher. The ordinary ballet-goer will find his appreciation of ballet technique perceptibly sharpened by using this book as a work of reference. It is most regrettable that the illustrations to the text are vague and charmless.

BALLET TECHNIQUE FOR EVERYONE

A Dictionary of Ballet Terms, by Leo Kersley and Janet Sinclair, with drawings by Peter Revitt (Adam & Charles Black, 10*s.* 6*d.*).

EVERYTHING any ballet-goer will ever want to know about basic ballet technique is here compressed into just under a hundred pages. The beauty of the book is that not only are the various steps clearly defined but they are illustrated by citing easily recognisable examples from the standard ballet repertory —a method of presentation that makes an otherwise useful work invaluable.

In addition to the steps of the ballet the dictionary glances, frequently with considerable pertinacity, at the more general terms of ballet usage—choreographer, artist, the Italian French and Russian Schools, etc. The authors, Leo Kersley and Janet Sinclair, are aided and abetted in their admirable work by the accurate and decorative sketches of Peter Revitt, an artist already well known to the readers of DANCE AND DANCERS.

DANCE TRAINING AND THE HUMAN BODY

Anatomy and Ballet by Celia Sparger (Adam & Charles Black. 15*s.*).

THIS is a new edition of Miss Sparger's excellent handbook for teachers. The author is consultant physiotherapist to the Sadler's Wells School and speaks with authority of the effect which ballet-training has on the human anatomy. This is a specialised text-book that will hold little or no interest for the ordinary reader, but one that should be on the book-shelf of every teacher in the country.

SARABHAI ON THE STRUGGLES OF AN INDIAN DANCER

This alone is true, by Mrinalini Sarabhai (Meridian Books, 12*s.* 6*d.*).

ONE of the problems confronting those responsible for the recent renaissance of the Indian classical dance was the disrepute that dancing had fallen into with the Indian educated classes. In this, her first novel, the well-known Indian dancer Mrinalini Sarabhai tells the story of Parvati (named after the goddess of the Himalayas who was the wife of Shiva, god of the dance) and her struggles to become a dancer.

The novel (could it be partly autobiographical?) is written with simple sincerity and apart from its central theme, it also gives us an insight into the manner of Indian middle-class life and the Eastern mind. **Clive Barnes**

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

THE absence of Margot Fonteyn, owing to a mild attack of diphtheria, cast rather a blight over the first weeks of the season which opened on November 15. We are happy to report that she is making good progress and should be dancing again in January or early February. The reason for this prolonged absence is because the aftermath of diphtheria can seriously affect the muscles; a lot of rest is essential, especially to a dancer.

Without Fonteyn, the role of the Woman in the Ball Dress was taken by Anne Heaton in the revival of Frederick Ashton's *Apparitions* on November 17. When this ballet was first given in 1936, it contained the first role created for the young Fonteyn. Compared to the rest of the repertoire in those days it was a most distinguished work enhanced by Cecil Beaton's designs. It was also one of the first Gothic revival romantic ballets (it preceded Massine's *Symphonie Fantastique* by five months) which have now become almost inevitable in every repertoire.

The present production is a great improvement on the first revival for Covent Garden. The settings now resemble those originally designed for Sadler's Wells Theatre. But Ashton has developed into such an important choreographer that *Apparitions* now seems little more than a distinguished early work and hardly shows up well beside his creations of the past few years. The dreams of the drug-taking poet jerk to a climax like an old melodrama.

Anne Heaton danced very well indeed but it is a role so much associated with Fonteyn (I can never remember seeing anyone else in it) that comparison is inevitable. Fonteyn lives every role she undertakes whereas Heaton, at the moment, only dances it. It was not always easy to realise that Heaton was on the stage.

Michael Somes made a handsome poet. He looked so healthy and virile that it was hard to imagine him resorting to laudanum to soothe his nerves. Helpmann always looked so decadent that it seemed perfectly natural. Somes was apt to get swamped by his dreams and was too much a part of them, never really the dreamer of them. One seldom got the feeling that he was anyone other than Somes in costume and this fact tended to make the opening and closing moments of the ballet seem long drawn out.

The ballroom scene remains one of the best pieces of designing in English ballet as also is the library front cloth. The zebra-like costumes for the Belfrey Spirits are curious; but in the choreography for this scene it is possible to see the stirring of the trend which Ashton's work was later to take.

Constant Lambert's arrangement of Liszt's music remains a monument to the masterly way he was able to take another composer's work and piece it together so that it appeared to be something new without, in any way, destroying the original.

APPARITIONS preceded by *Ballet Imperial* would seem to be an ideal way of opening any evening of ballet. In the lead, making her last appearance before leaving for La Scala, Milan, Violetta Elvin was magnificent. This would seem to be her best role and one more suited to her than to any of the other ballerinas who have danced it in this production.

Rosemary Lindsay still lacks the essential grand manner of the girl in the black tutu. She dances well but her *port de bras* needs a lot of attention. As her cavalier, John Field both partnered and danced as well as anyone has so far in this not very rewarding role. He has fine elevation and beautiful beats; he only lacks complete dignity in the slow walk on and off in the second movement.

Something should be done about the Berman setting, which is starting to look shabby. So are the wigs of the *corps de ballet*.

A great English ballet

NINETTE DE VALOIS' *Job* was the first great English ballet. Its revival on this same evening made one conscious of how little the work has dated, nor will it probably ever do so. It has a majesty which raises it above being just a ballet; it is a dance drama.

The Book of Job is not easy to translate into the terms of dancing. The night between the sunset of Job's material prosperity and the sunrise of his spiritual prosperity is, as such nights are, rather long. The battle raging between Satan and Job's spiritual self makes so many climaxes that the quiet ending comes as an anti-climax. If the scenes could flow one into the other without the curtain being lowered it would probably be more telling.

The continuity is provided by Vaughan Williams' score, which seems to have been composed almost on a spiritual plane. After 21 years I find it as moving as I did when I first heard it for the Camargo Society at the Cambridge Theatre, when even a small orchestra could not hide such grandeur of conception.

As Satan, John Hart was excellent and danced with voluptuous evil. It is a point worth remembering that evil is not necessarily conveyed by ugly grimaces and creepy-crawly hands. When Dolin created this role, he looked beautiful and virile ; his veins flowed with the rich blood of his victims. John Hart more nearly evokes this memorable performance than any of the recent interpretations.

Alexis Rassine makes Elihu one of his best roles. This poetic and lyrical dance comes as a welcome relief after the unceasing genuflections of the heavenly host. The three mocking comforters with their cold comfort were crisply and precisely danced by Franklin White, Henry Legerton and Antony Manning.

Job is another of those ballets which needs careful placing in a programme. Obviously wrong as an opening ballet, it nevertheless seems overlong and sombre for a closing ballet. If used as the main course (or middle ballet) this near ritual should not be followed by something too frothy. Probably the ideal programme would be *Les Patineurs* or *Ballabile*, then *Job* followed by *Ballet Imperial*. I think it is still a work of such importance that it needs a programme built around it.

Peter Williams

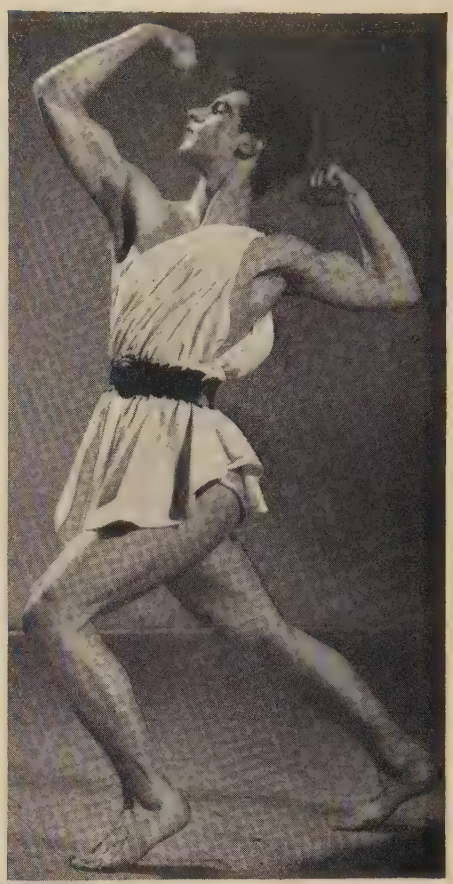
BALLET LEGAT

ALTHOUGH Madame Nicolaeva Legat (the widow of the great Russian teacher Nicholas Legat), has frequently presented performances by her school under the name of Ballet Legat, the company which now bears this name started its professional career at Tunbridge Wells on October 27. It opened a fortnight's season at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, on November 10. Composed almost entirely of dancers from the famous Legat School, its repertory consists of a number of new ballets and revivals of *Symphony for Fun* (Burke), *Les Sylphides* and an entirely re-choreographed version of *Coppelia*.

Whether this company will ever establish itself as a major force in ballet cannot be foretold. What does seem certain is that its professional debut was somewhat premature.

Frane Jelincitch as Paris, Maya Koumani as Helen and Leon Ward as the dead Hector in The Amazons.

Photo: Vernon Davies.



Leon Ward, of Ballet Legat, in the title role of The Young Hercules. *He was one of the most promising male dancers in the company. Photo: Vernon Davies.*

SYMPHONY FOR FUN

First given in Paris by the Ambassador Ballet in July, 1950. Revived by Ballet Legat and given its London performance at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, November 10, 1952. Choreography by Anthony Burke. Music by Don Gillis. Decor and costumes by The Marquis Mac Swiney.

Cast

EUNICE GIBSON, ANTHONY BURKE, KATHRYN BEETHAM, LEON WARD, ROSALIND VICAREY, COLIN RUSSELL ANNE HART, SHIRLEY PAIN, JEAN JOHNSTON, JUNE KING, ZENA RAWLINGS, EILEEN MITCHELL

ALTHOUGH pre-dating, by two years, Michael Charnley's ballet of the same name and to the same music produced for Festival Ballet, Burke's work has reached London after the later version. As Charnley's ballet is superior both intrinsically and in the performance it receives, Burke's work may be underestimated.

Although lacking in abundance of ideas and sustained invention it is bright and cheerful. It serves to exploit the Legat company's two important virtues, homogenity and youthful perseverance. It also provides its three most promising dancers, Kathryn Beetham, Leon Ward and Colin Russell, with their best roles.

Leon Ward, with a fair technique, good elevation (a characteristic of the company) and a likeable stage personality, is possibly the most interesting new dancer to be presented by the Ballet Legat.

The decor and costumes by the Marquis Mac Swiney were unexceptional.

THE AMAZONS

First given in London by the Ballet Legat at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, November 10, 1952.

Choreography by Nadine Nicolaeva Legat. Music by Mozart. Decor and costumes by Rhoda Gray. Libretto by John Masefield, O.M.

Scene 1—TROY

Achilles kills Hector. Hector's body is borne in. Andromache and Hecuba weep over Hector's body. Helen enters. She laments over Hector and women curse her for causing the war. King Priam turns them out of the city.

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Scene 2—THE AMAZON CAMP

Ritual dance to the Goddess Aphrodite. The Amazon Queen welcomes the women of Troy, the shades of their dead husbands appear to them and the Amazon Queen calls the women to battle.

Scene 3

Helen enters. The Amazons take her but their Queen protects her. The Goddess Aphrodite acclaims Helen, who is reunited with Paris. Pallas Athene commands the Amazons to lay down their arms. She proclaims peace and tells them to return to their normal life. All join in the Dionysian revels.

Cast

Helen of Troy	MAYA KOUMANI
Paris (her Lover)	FRANE JELINCITCH
Aphrodite	JILL MORSE
King Priam	JAN CIEPLINSKI
Hector	LEON WARD
Achilles	COLIN RUSSELL
Andromache (wife of Hector)	JULIE COLLAR
A Child	KATHRYN BEETHAM
Pallas Athene	DENISE LAMB
Queen of the Amazons	JULIE COLLAR
Chief Amazon	SHEREEN LANSELL

Amazons, Attendants, Soldiers.

MR. MASEFIELD should go down to the sea again; at any rate he should stop writing ballet scenarios. He once wrote one for Ernest Berk on the life of Buddha. His new work is a version of the Trojan legend. It is hopelessly involved for a ballet, but would possibly make a fair film in the *Quo Vadis* style.

The choreography is entirely "classical," but the so-called classic style of academic technique is not well suited to the classicism of Greek legend. Not once was it able to add poetry or significance to the painstaking libretto. One had the impression of watching a dancing class in which the students were unaccountably got up in fancy dress.

The banality of the ballet's conception and execution was not ameliorated by the music. This was Mozart's Jupiter Symphony played on two pianos. This was naturally not as musically satisfying as the more customary orchestral version, and most of the finer points were lost. One can respect the motive of economy that might prompt a young company to use two pianos rather than a scratch orchestra—but why use a Mozart symphony?

POLISH WEDDING

First given in London by the Ballet Legat at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, November 10, 1952.

Choreography by Jan Cieplinski. Music arranged by Juliusz Leo. Decor and costumes by Haina Nalecz.

Cast

Bride	JULIE COLLAR
Bridegroom	ANTHONY BURKE
Mother	DENISE LAMB
Father	JAN CIEPLINSKI
Bridesmaids	ZENA RAWLINGS, SHIRLEY PAIN
Bestmen	LEON WARD, COLIN RUSSELL
Guests	FULL COMPANY

THE company was at its best in these national character dances given with zest. The story is vestigial and merely provides an excuse for the dances. One of the marriage feast *divertissements*, the Dance of the Mountaineers of the High Tatra, was particularly pleasing. The ballet would be improved by cutting fifteen minutes or so.

THE YOUNG HERCULES

First given in London by the Ballet Legat at the King's Theatre. Hammersmith, November 17, 1952.

Choreography by Anthony Burke. Music by Saint Saens. Decor and costumes by The Marquis Mac Swiney.

A dramatic ballet inspired by Saint Saens' own story realised in his Symphonic Poem depicting the Young Hercules' struggle between sensuality and his tasks. He chooses his destiny and sees at the end a funeral pyre which leads to his immortality.

Cast

Hercules	LEON WARD
The Nymph	KATHRYN BEETHAM
The Bacchante	JILL MORSE

Six Nymphs, Six Bacchantes.

WERE he not forewarned of the ballet's theme, a spectator might well imagine he were watching some kind of group game played by two teams of girls (the Whites and the Mauves), presided over by a male referee in white briefs. Forewarned one realises that one is witnessing the *Dante Sonata*-like ballet to end all *Dante Sonata*-like ballets. No stone is left unturned, no avenue is unexplored, no possible cliché is missed.

Clive Barnes

COPPELIA

FAR be it from DANCE AND DANCERS to embark on a crusade, but if there was ever a ballet to cause us to don armour and charge about in a ballet holy land that ballet is *Coppelia*. We have seen so much mutilation on the dear old work that our fingers are starting to clench our swords.

The new production of *Coppelia* by Ballet Legat on November 12 has done nothing to help our cause. The only thing to be said for it was that it had greater continuity than most productions in this country. Acts II and III followed each other in a natural sequence instead of the last act becoming merely a detached divertissement bearing little relation to what had gone before.

Swanilda is the central figure and if she is not played by a great ballerina she must at least be played by a soubrette. Eunice Gibson fell between both stools—she had not the natural gaiety of a soubrette nor the technical accomplishment of a ballerina. She was not helped by being dressed as Toumanova in the *Don Quixote pas de deux* (a peasant girl in a gold-spangled scarlet tutu would be the laughing stock of any mid-European village fiesta). She is a pleasant dancer, she is young and pretty, she will probably go far. But this is considered to be a professional commercial company which bears a distinguished name; therefore a promising soloist in such an important role is not good enough.

A number of things were different from the versions we know. The Ear of Wheat dance was missing; so were the variations for the pairs of Swanilda's friends. The Czardas was moved from the first act to the finale of the last. The number of dolls in the second act was so great as to clutter the stage unnecessarily. Prayer (in the last act) had quite a carry-on with a Fisherman and a Mower. A Spinning dance was represented by a lady rocking a cradle while her friend rushed around apparently twiddling her thumbs ending flat on her back on the floor followed by an instant black-out.

Jan Ceiplinski, responsible for this production, played Dr. Coppelius. He was so exaggerated and grotesque as to throw the entire ballet out of balance. It is hard to understand why this perfectly plausible character should be represented as a badly-oiled clockwork doll.

It remained for Maya Koumani, giving a well executed Dance of Dawn, to bring some air of professionalism to the proceedings. A young dancer, Leon Ward, most excellently led the Mazurka and Czardas. He seemed to really understand what is needed to make these national character dances into something more than a spirited school display in peasant costumes.

Few people know anything about the authentic version of *Coppelia* so until the truth is discovered (which may be never) let us try and make it as sensible as we can (modelled either on the charming character version from Copenhagen or the grander classical version from Russia). Versions as silly as this do nobody any good.

Peter Williams

CARAVANA ESPANOLA

THE past six years have brought us many Spanish revues each heralded by the announcement that they are "something entirely different." Each caravan comes to rest and disgorges its load of gypsies singing and dancing around camp fires, its street scenes from Seville or Madrid, its scenes from Goya, its interludes with coy peasantry. *Caravana Espanola*, at the London Casino, on November 11, proved to be not one wit different except that in no way did it come near to its predecessors in quality.

One of the first people to take this kind of entertainment out of Spain was the great Argentinita. She had such taste and artistry that everything she did had the inevitable trademark of quality. Today it is only her sister, Pilar Lopez, who carries on her work with anything approaching genius. Other shows have got by successfully because they boasted one or two magnificent artists such as Carmen Amaya, Jose Greco, La Quica, Teresa and Luisillo. (Concert artists such as Rosario and Antonio and Mariemma do not come into this category.) Paquita Leon, the star of the present company, has not the talent or personality to make *Caravana Espanola* worthy of a permanent pitch in London. She has, admittedly, surrounded herself with some very good dancers such as Lina and Miguel, the three Heredia and Los Chimbos (singers and guitarists) but all these people needed a great star to hold them together. Leon's ability and elaborate costumes were not enough. She also made the mistake of dancing *Lagarterana* as a solo when this peasant dance from Toledo has already won popular acclaim (from at least four distinguished boy and girl combinations) with the London audience.

All these faults might have been forgotten had the show been spectacular to look upon—it wasn't. The Goyescas has been turned into a sordid scena about La Maya, nude and clothed. How far removed from the Duchess of Alba in Goya's *Maja desnuda* was the lady (apparently left behind by the Latin Quarter show) provided to form an erotic centre piece. What an insult to one of Spain's greatest painters. Surely Spaniards have more respect for their heritage.

A dramatic scene about Saint Week in Seville had possibilities which when fully developed could be most effective. Albeniz *Triana* was well given by Lina and Miguel. A lively Jota in an Aragonese street made the inevitable finale of the first half of the programme. Some spirited and, at moments, exciting gypsy dances brought down the final curtain which helped us to forget some of the tasteless spectacles which had preceded it.

Artists from the Iberian peninsular will always find a welcome from an English audience. As the world capital of the dance we have the right to expect the best that any country can provide. So far we have had it. A few more shows of this kind and Spain will come low on the list of welcome visitors.

Peter Williams

Ram Gopal and Kumudini in Bharata Natya Suite, *in which they give some of the dances from the Tajore temples of South India. For many years these dances were thought to be only erotic dances given by courtesans. Recently it has been discovered that this was not at all the case and that they were originally given by male dancers as well.*

This photograph is from Baron Encore *(Collins, 42/-) and is one of the many pictures of exotic dances which form a large section of the volume. The book is a worthy successor to the original* Baron at the Ballet.

RAM GOPAL

IT has been eighteen months since Ram Gopal and his company appeared in London. The season which opened at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, brought him back in better form than we have seen for some years.

The company was small and compact, but all the usual dancers were there, including Kumudini, Anura and a most promising new male dancer—Govinda. The best of the old numbers were also there—*The Golden Eagle*, *The Essence of the Dusk* and the *Dance of the Setting Sun*. But the most encouraging thing about it all was the inclusion of many new numbers, each of them good. We have got so used to seeing the same old dances trotted out with every company of Indian dancers that anything new, and good as well, was most welcome.

Ram Gopal's new solo, *Pratiti Nrittya*, was about a boy mourning his loved ones by the Burning Ghats on the Ganges. He seeks forgetfulness in the dance, but it is useless. Within him he hears the voice of his spiritual teachers. Self-realisation (Pratiti) having awakened in him he arises to face life. Only a great artist such as Ram Gopal could make such an idea understandable to a Western audience, it could only be realised by somebody who has enough spiritual feeling within themselves

With Kumudini, Ram Gopal danced passages from *Omar Khayam*. To the spoken word, the two of them brought the poetry to life. Apart from the beauty of this love passage, the number clearly showed the meaning of the traditional gestures without having to resort to a lecture. Ram Gopal has been entirely responsible for educating English audiences in the whole field of Indian dancing; no longer are his short talks on the subject necessary.

Kumudini was at her best in a *Bharata Natya Suite* in which she gave (with others) dances from the Tanjore temples of South India. Anura again gave his Sinalese *Panteru* dance, in which he skilfully handles a round instrument shaped like a hollow tambourine. Govinda danced one of the best Kathakali peacock numbers we have seen. His dancing was matched by the beauty of the costume with its spectacular fan-like tail.

The whole programme was well produced and slick.

Peter Williams

Grasioso Cecchetti, son of Enrico Cecchetti, between Nicholas Beriosoff and Vassilie Trunoff after a performance of Scheherazade *by Festival Ballet in Turin.*
Right: Nathalie Leslie and John Gilpin walking in Florence. In the background is John's twin brother, Tony, with Noel Rossana. Photo: Levi.

BALLET RAMBERT

SHOULD Madame Rambert ever need a crest for her company she might consider adopting as emblem a phoenix rampant. Recently the prestige of the Ballet Rambert had fallen, dancers had left and most of us had set her glory in the past tense. Yet once more the Rambert has made a revival. During its week's season (started November 10) at the People's Palace, Stepney, the company seemed as strong or stronger than at any time since its return from the Australian tour in 1949.

The present repertory will be dealt with more fully next month after the company's season at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, so here we will largely restrict ourselves to ballets not to be given in Hammersmith.

The performance of *The Nutcracker Suite* for the most part was little more than competent. However, the production was distinguished by a good performance in the *pas de deux*. Noreen Sopwith (an ex-Theatre Ballet dancer—how nice to see these tables turned!) was exceptionally promising as the Sugar Plum Fairy. Her dancing was assured and precise, her arms a little lacking in forcefulness.

Cecil Bates, her partner, has improved almost beyond measure. Not only has he now a better classical technique than any Rambert male since the war, not even excluding the Gilpin of five years ago, but like Sopwith he has the secret of showmanship essential to a Petipa *pas de deux*.

House of Cards and *Bar aux Folies Bergere* saw Norman Dixon give sound performances as the Knave and Valentin. In the former Beryl Goldwyn, a dancer who impresses in all her roles, made an excellent Fortune-Teller. *Bar*, one of de Valois' best light works, was given a lively performance with Ann Horn as the provocative La Goulue.

The Rambert *Facade* is more satirical than that given by either of the Wells companies who tend to burlesque it. Josephine Spaull danced a cheeky Polka, and Bates and Dixon had the right air of bored vacuity in the Popular Song. Alexander Bennett's conception of the Dago as someone shadily aristocratic was fresh and amusing, but Ann Horn was not empty-headed enough for the Debutante.

Other performances of interest included a good *Sylphides* ; a fine dramatic portrayal of *Winter Night* by Mary Munro, Bates and Sopwith ; a *Judgement of Paris* in which contemporariwise, the ladies, Josephine Spaull, Gillian Martlew and Christine Hindmarch, were more like juvenile delinquents than the hard-bitten floozies of yesteryear. **Clive Barnes**

A full review, with photographs, of the company's recent season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, will appear in the February issue.

BALLET WORKSHOP

LE BALAYEUR

First given by Ballet Workshop at the Mercury Theatre, November 9, 1952.

Choreography by Nadia de Lichtenberg. Music by Serge Lancen. Decor and costumes by Ronald Yerrell. Based on the poem of Jacques Prevert.

A lonely rood sweeper seeks diversion, but fails to elude his Vigilant Angel. The rescue of a drowning girl provides his opportunity.

Cast

Le Balayeur .. .. .. JACQUES DE LISLE
Valseurs .. DIANE WESTERMAN, RAY POINTER
Ange Gardien .. .. .. BRENDA LARKIN
Jeune Fille Riche .. NADIA DE LICHTENBERG
La Noyee .. .. .. JOCELYN BRITTON

PETIT or Ashton could have probably made a delightful ballet on this story, which in effect is a whimsical inversion of Prévert's theme for *Le Rendezvous*. Nadia de Lichtenberg, obviously young and inexperienced, fails to explore fully the ballet's enchanting possibilities.

Her choreographic impression of a road-sweeper is little different from Massine's sketch of a park-keeper in *Beau Danube*, and elsewhere she shows scant originality. On the other hand the choreography does move smoothly and in relation to the music. For this reason her first effort cannot be entirely disregarded.

Ronald Yerrell's decor, a composite "impression" of Paris, is more ambitious than successful, but his costumes are charming. The music by Serge Lancen is easy on the ear and has a genuine Bal Musette flavour, derived partly from the combination of piano, flute and accordion. The ballet received a capable and enthusiastic performance from a young, good-looking cast.

Clive Barnes

A review and pictures of Ballet Workshop's other new production—*Ouverture*—will be found on pages 12 and 13 of this issue

TELEVISION

THE second of the two "Ballet for Beginners" programmes devoted to the work of Michel Fokine, stressed the co-operation between the various artists concerned in creating Fokine's ballets. With illustrations from *Prince Igor* and *Petrouchka*, Felicity Gray showed how their unity of purpose built a single work of art from seemingly divergent elements. Unfortunately, when it came to her major illustration Miss Gray ignored the fact that the parts of "Petrouchka" cannot exist away from the whole. In presenting the skeleton of this ballet she robbed this great dance-drama of most of its point. By default she proved her argument.

Two of the principal dancers gave fine performances. Maxwell Collis, an Australian dancer who had stepped into the place left vacant by Harold Turner with only three days in which to learn the part of Petrouchka, danced admirably and with great sincerity. Domini Callaghan was a bounding doll who stressed the fact that this is a ballerina-doll and not just an ordinary puppet. One could see in her performance the parody of the ballerinas of the Imperial Russian Ballet that Fokine must have intended. Alex Martin was a wonderfully bogus charlatan. As the Moor, William Barrett was not sufficiently immersed in his role to be credible to his audience.

Stravinsky, that great inventor of sound, would have been horrified at the sounds invented by Eric Robinson and his orchestra. I do not believe that the score of "Petrouchka" requires a great symphonic sweep (Stravinsky's original recording makes the music for the fair-ground scenes sound more like an accordion than an orchestra), but it does require precision and some life, two qualities entirely missing at this performance.

Dance contrasts

DANCE CONTRASTS, produced by Christian Simpson with choreography by Michael Charnley, was a programme of divertissements of an uneven quality. They ranged from an essay in purely classical dancing, through the gay and vivacious work of the style of Charnley's *Movimientos* and *Symphony for Fun*, to a couple of banal numbers which would be hardly acceptable in a cheap cabaret. The chief drawback of the very personal style which Charnley has evolved is a sameness which becomes enervating in large doses.

AN interesting dance devised for Sonia Hana as a chicken emerging from an egg to dance (by means of super-imposition) on Raymond Ray's hand, was spoilt by faulty production. (This was danced to Colette Marchand's solo from *L'Oeuf-a-la-Coque*.) Sonia Hana appeared to be dancing excellently.

The purely classical dance was a Coppelia-like solo to Liadov's *Mechanical Clock*, in which Yvonne Olena performed with great style and fluidity. But my own favourite from the programme was a wildly exciting Mazurka to music by Khachaturian which used the Mazurka steps, with which we are familiar from *Coppelia* and other classical ballets, but performed in Charnley's own style. This was of the high quality of Charnley's best ballets.

Throughout the programme the dancing was good. Naturally, Charnley himself took first honours with dancing of an immaculate grace and ease. A great deal of self-restraint is necessary in dancing his work and both Sheila O'Neill and Maria Sanina were rather too brassy. Josephine Gordon is both a witty and a dramatic classical dancer. Here, she seemed equally at home in what Madame Rambert once described as "the passionate modern dance." **Geoffrey Solomons**

STOP PRESS

The Frederick Ashton production (which uses dancers in the ballet scenes) of Gluck's opera, *Orpheus*, will have its premiere on February 3 at Covent Garden. Sophie Fedorovitch has designed the costumes and scenery.

Margot Fonteyn returns to dance with the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden on January 20. She will dance in *Apparitions*. On the following night Moira Shearer returns as a guest artist; she will remain until the Spring.

A new ballet by John Cranko will have its premiere at Covent Garden in mid-March and a new one by Andrée Howard in mid-April.

Margaret Dale's first ballet for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, *The Great Detective*, has its first performance at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on January 21. The music is by Richard Arnell and designs by Brian Robb. The work is not based on any particular episode in the Sherlock Holmes' stories, but the situation is after Conan Doyle. Kenneth Macmillan plays the Detective and Stanley Holden the Doctor.

Molly Lake returned from South Africa on December 12 and rejoined her company, Continental Ballet, on December 14.

Jean Babilée has joined the Paris Opéra. He was a product of the Opéra before he joined Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées just after the war. At the moment it is not certain what roles he will dance.

Dance and Dancers . . IN AMERICA

By Arthur Todd

BALLET THEATRE

DURING December the focus on dance was not centred only on activities in New York, as is generally the case, even though three dance companies appeared in the city during the same week. One of the major national events has been the phenomenally successful tour of Ballet Theatre. As reported last month, the company now seems headed in the right direction and the record-breaking attendance at many of the cities visited gives further evidence of this marked upswing. Alicia Alonso, who has now returned to the company, withdrew previously for six weeks to undergo a minor operation. Alicia Markova changed her personal plans and rejoined Ballet Theatre for guest appearances in such major cities as Chicago, Montreal, Toronto and Boston.

In each of these cities Markova equalled her triumphant successes at the Met earlier in the season. (Watching her first night of *Giselle* in Chicago proved even more rewarding than being on hand for her return to the Met. Markova, who has always had a large and loyal audience in Chicago, again scored a great personal triumph. Equally important was what happened to the rest of the dancers when Markova was on hand. Style and deportment improved, grooming more apparent; the *corps de ballet* seemed aware of the numerous small but vitally important details that matter so much.)

APART from her Ballet Theatre engagements, Markova scored another success in her *Dying Swan* solo and in a *pas de deux* (with André Eglevsky in a mammoth music festival programme before an audience of 15,000 at New York's Madison Square Garden. She was also mistress of ceremonies and danced *Les Sylphides* on The Show of Shows, a television programme with a nation-wide audience. Thus far, the honours of this new dance season belong to Alicia Markova. Since her return, both press and public have been in a fervour unlike anything since the Sadler's Wells last visited America.

European Tour

LOOKING to the future, Ballet Theatre is planning its most major European tour to date. The company sail from New York on April 23 for Naples, where it will open at the San Carlo Opera House on May 4. Anatole Heller, of the Bureau Artistique International, Paris, European representative of the company, is making arrangements for engagements in such key European cities as London, Paris, Rome, Zurich and festival appearances in Edinburgh, Holland, Florence, Venice and Berlin. Alicia Alonso, Igor Youskevitch, John Kriza and Mary Ellen Moylan will head Ballet Theatre abroad as they do in the United States. The company will tour Europe until November, with the co-operation of the Cultural Relations Division of the US Department of State, as was the case on its European tour of 1950 and its South American visit in 1951.

N.Y. CITY BALLET

SINCE the management of the New York City Ballet revoked the press privileges of this writer last spring for what were termed a series of derogatory reviews that appeared in London, it is impossible to give more than a notation of the company's activities during its eleventh New York season.

The season, which started on November 4 at the New York City Center, included two new works by George Balanchine. The first of these was *Scotch Symphony*, set to three movements of Mendelssohn's musical composition of the same name. Its first section was an *ensemble* for the corps with a solo for Patricia Wilde. The second movement contained a long *adagio* for Maria Tallchief and André Eglevsky. The final section included these two principals with the *ensemble*. Horace Armistead designed the Scottish highland setting, Karinska provided the girls' peasant costumes and David Ffolkes was responsible for the kilts worn by the men.

Frederic Franklin and Mia Slavenska in A Streetcar named Desire.
Photo: Bennett and Pleasant.

The second novelty of the season was *Metamorphoses*, to Hindemith's *Symphonic Metamorphoses*. The score employed themes of three of Weber's four-hand piano pieces, one of which was itself based on an anonymous Chinese tune from Rosseau's Musical Dictionary. This was a large ensemble work with principal roles for Tanaquil LeClercq, Todd Bolender and Nicholas Magallenes. Again, Karinska was responsible for the costumes.

Due to the cancellation of the usual winter season of drama at the New York City Center, the New York City Ballet added another three weeks to a season originally scheduled to conclude on December 15. As we go to press, plans were under way to present Ruth Page's *Revenge* on Sunday evenings with Nora Kaye. It was also probable that Jerome Robbins's *Interplay* would be added to the repertoire.

SLAVENSKA-FRANKLIN Co.

DURING the second week of December, three major dance attractions were playing at one time in New York. In addition to the New York City Ballet's season at the City Center, the Slavenska-Franklin Ballet, with Alexandra Danilova as guest artist, opened at the Century Theatre on December 8. Three days earlier, Jose Limon and Company commenced a series of six performances at the Juilliard School of Music.

The Slavenska-Franklin Ballet offered four works new to New York: Valerie Bettis's adaptation of *A Streetcar Named Desire*, for Mia Slavenska and Frederick Franklin, set to music Alex North composed for the film version of the play; Zachary Solov's *Mlle. Fifi*, created for Danilova; Mia Slavenska's arrangement of the César Franck *Symphonic Variations* and her *Portrait of a Ballerina*. Also in the repertoire were *Nutcracker Suite*, in which Danilova and Slavenska alternated, and the *Don Quixote pas de deux*.

AGNES DE MILLE DANCE THEATRE

IMPRESARIO Sol Hurok has just announced the formation of a new company, to be known as the Agnes de Mille Dance Theatre, for the 1953-54 season. This group, numbering 35, will include 18 dancers, mostly from the Broadway field, some singers and an orchestra, all to be assembled and trained by de Mille. One of the major portions of the repertoire will consist of restaged versions of Agnes de Mille's theatre dances from such Broadway musicals as *Oklahoma!*, *Bloomer Girl*, *Carousel* and *Brigadoon*. The rest of the Programme will contain newly choreographed works, some based on concert dance numbers previously performed by Miss de Mille herself.

NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREECE

THE National Theatre of Greece, which recently concluded a three-week season in New York, provided the dance-minded with as rich fare as it did those chiefly interested in great acting. (As this issue appears, it is more than probable that the company will have opened a London engagement under the auspices of Sir Laurence Olivier.)

Here, for the first time in memory, was a Greek chorus that became an integral part of the action both in their relation to the other performers and the audience. Choreographer Loukia Sakellariou provided *Electra's* all-female chorus with movements of formality and a synchronisation of gesture. Similarly, choreographer Ahapi Evangelidou made a remarkable contribution to *Oedipus Tyrannus*, wherein an all-male chorus both participated in and judged the action. Again, the actual dance gestures and movements were perfectly synchronised, never obtrusive, but always spontaneous and part of the whole stage picture. The superb lighting for both productions was supervised by Klaus Holm (Hanya Holm's son).

The chorus in Oedipus Tyrannus *given by the National Theatre of Greece. The choreography was by Ahapi Evangelidou.*

Markova and James Starbuck on television. Markova was Mistress of Ceremonies. Photo: Melton Pippin.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
Jan. at Covent Garden

1 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Rassine)
3 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Jackson, Somes)
3 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Field)
7 *Sylvia* (Nerina, Rassine, Hart)
8 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield, Field)
10 (M) *Coppelia* (Lindsay, Vernon, Powell)
10 (E) *Coppelia* (Nerina, Grant, Edwards)
13 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Jackson, Somes)
14 *Ballet Imperial, Apparitions, Daphnis and Chloe*
17 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Rassine)
17 (E) *Ballet Imperial, Apparitions, Daphnis and Chloe*
20 *A Mirror for Witches, Bonne Bouche, Apparitions*
21 *Les Patineurs, Bonne Bouche, Ballet Imperial*
22 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Field)
24 (M) *Coppelia* (Beriosova, Hart)
29 *Don Juan, Ballet Imperial, Apparitions*
30 *Don Juan, Ballet Imperial, Apparitions*
31 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Les Patineurs, Don Juan, Apparitions*

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET
Dec. at Sadler's Wells Theatre

29 *Les Sylphides, Pastorale, Casse Noisette*
31 (M) *Coppelia* (Fifield, Blair, Holden)

Jan.
3 (M) *Assembly Hall, Pas de Trois* (*Lac des Cygnes*), *Ile des Sirenes, Casse Noisette*
6 *Valses Noble et Sentimental, Harlequin in April, Pineapple Poll*
7 (M) *Assembly Hall, Valses Noble et Sentimental, Casse Noisette*
10 (M) *Casse Noisette, Summer Interlude, Pineapple Poll*
13 *Pastorale, Harlequin in April, Assembly Ball*
17 (M) *Les Sylphides, Harlequin in April, Summer Interlude*
21 *Carnaval, The Great Detective* (1st performance), *Casse Noisette*
24 (M) *Carnaval, Pas de Trois* (*Lac des Cygnes*), *Ile des Sirenes, The Great Detective*
27 *Valses Noble et Sentimental, Reflection, Pineapple Poll*
31 (M) *Coppelia*

FESTIVAL BALLET
at the Royal Festival Hall

Jan.
1 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
(E) *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
2 *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
3 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
(E) *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
5 *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
6 *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
7 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
(E) *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
8 (M) *Nutcracker, Don Quixote, Symphony for Fun*
(E) *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
9 *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
10 (M) *Harlequinade, Nutcracker*
(E) *Nutcracker, Bolero, Prince Igor*
15 **Theatre de L'Empire, Paris, for a four week's season.**

On February 16 the company opens a four weeks' season in Ireland, two weeks in Dublin and two weeks in Belfast. This will be followed by a twelve week tour of the English provinces prior to the Coronation season at Festival Hall.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET
Touring abroad from the end of January until May.

BALLET RAMBERT

Jan.
12 Connaught Theatre, Worthing
26 Opera House, Scarborough
Feb.
2 Arts Council tour of Scotland for two weeks

BERKELEY CINEMA,
Tottenham Court Road

Commencing December 14th, a season of opera and ballet films including : *Gala Festival* (British premiere) featuring Ulanova and Semyonova, also *Ballerina*, featuring Ulanova.

CONTINENTAL BALLET

Dec.
29 People's Theatre, Nottingham, for two weeks

Ballet Correspondents

(*Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; ls.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested*)

MARGARET D. ROBINSON, "The Willows," Hough Side Road, Pudsey, Leeds, wants b.c., m. age 15-18, in England, m.a. 15, o.i. theatre, riding, tennis, reading, p.r., all answered.

JANET MOSS, 11 Smallman Street, Stafford, wants b.c. f. age 15-17, in U.S.A. or Continent, m.a. 15, o.i. swimming, riding, music, athletics.

PETER M. HACKING, 1 Brent Park Road, Hendon, London, N.W.4, wants b.c. m. over 20, preferably in London, m.a. 24, o.i. theatre, music, films, etc., p.r., all answered.

MARY WATKINS, 14 Reynolds Walk, Horfield, Bristol, 7, wants b.c. m. or f. age 19-22, in France, Holland, Canada or England, m.a. 18, o.i. art, classical music, reading, swimming, p.r.

EDWARD G. THOMPSON, Wedges Farm, Itchingfield, Horsham, Sussex, would like b.c. m. 30-40, m.a. 40, o.i. photography, physical culture, all answered.

JUNE LAMBION, 48 Church Road, Richmond, Surrey, would like b.c. age 18-21, from anywhere, m.a. 17, o.i. music, sport.

DAVID V. GEORGE, 2 Rudall Crescent, Hampstead, London, wants b.c., m. anywhere, espec. Italy, m.a. 19, o.i. music, Verdi, theatrical costume, photography, p.r., all answered.

COUNT BERNARDINO DEL BOCA DI VILLAREGIA, Caluardo Partigiani 3, Novara, Italy, wants b.c. m. or f. age 18-30, anywhere, ls. English, French, Italian, interested travel, exchange of photos, books, p.r., all answered.

BERYL HAINES, 12 Hyde Park Gardens, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21, wants b.c. m. or f. in N. London or abroad, m.a. 17½, o.i. music, reading, ls. French, German. . .

ROYE M. FAIRWEATHER, 208 Oswald Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, 21, wants b.c. m. up to 30 anywhere, m.a. 22, o.i. theatre, films, records, travel, p.r.

LOOK FOR

MOIRA SHEARER on the front cover of our February number on sale everywhere on January 25.

In our series of international stars, on the back cover, will be ALICIA ALONSO and IGOR YOUSKEVITCH of American Ballet Theatre.

This issue will contain a further long instalment from *Dance to the Piper* by AGNES DE MILLE. Pages of photographs and opinions of the new production of LE LAC DES CYGNES at Covent Garden.

ANTON DOLIN on ballet in Italy. *Three's Company*, the story of Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone and Irving Davis and a new dance act. A page of news and reviews from America by Arthur Todd and from France by Marie-Francoise Christout. The season of Ballet Rambert at the Lyric, Hammersmith. All the usual features in 28 pages

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